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"LIBERTY, H LINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS. PROSPECTS OF OUR COUNTRY.

The following eloquent remarks are extracted from an Oration, pronounced before the Citizens of Bangor, on the Fourth of July, 1838, the sixty-second Anniversary of American Independence. By Frederick H. Hedge. Published at the Request of the City Government.

When we contemplate what the last fifty years have done for human culture and human happiness, we involuntarily ask, what the next fifty, or the hundred, shall add to the account. It is not till within these centuries, that the idea of progress in human affairs, has dawned upon mankind. That the race, as a race, has a destiny to accomplish—that society, as it exists at any one time, is not an accident, but the necessary result of all that has been, and the necessary condition of all that is to be—that the earth, which witnessed the first unfolding, is destined to witness the final development of all that is in man—these are views and facts which have but lately come within the sphere of human observation. They are still but faintly discerned in the distant horizon. And yet there was always progress in the world. Always, since the flood, there has been a steady procession in human affairs, a continuous development of the human mind. Single nations have decayed, single races have died out, single arts have stood still, but Humanity never. There never was a period in the world's history, so dark and dismal and diseased, but there was progress somewhere. Whatever stagnation there may have been on the surface, there was always life below. If it went out here, it burst forth there. When one phase of human culture waned, another was ready to dawn. When one set of ideas became extinct, another was starting for life. When the old world and the old faith died out, the new was there. When existing influences were insufficient to check the deep corruption of the times, some new influence stepped in and saved the race. And so, under ever new influences and aspects; never abandoned by the Powers above, but always aided and refreshed, as its day required; with varying fortunes, in various lands, the unconscious race has crept or sped, but never staid. By the Ganges, and the Nile, the Alpheus, the Tiber, the Rhine, and the Potomac, it has marked its traces and its triumphs. Six thousand years, the sun and the stars have watched it moving; but never until now—with the momentum acquired in these latter years—has it felt its motion. Now, first awakened to self-consciousness, Humanity is moving on, with new speed and conscious aims, to the fulfilment of its high calling. When we trace the progress of human culture in time past, we find that there has always been some one tribe or people, to whom this culture was committed. The Hindoos, the Greeks, the Romans, the Franks have had their turn. At present, the Anglo-Saxon race bears this charge. To them, above all the tribes that are in the earth, are entrusted the great interests of Humanity. The only race that can be considered as a rival with this, is the Russian. But that nation, though advancing with portentous strides toward the consolidation of its own vast empire, and the filling up of its own vast territory, has not yet begun, by means of its colonies or its literature, to exercise a world-influence. The Anglo-Saxon race, on the other hand, emanating from a kingdom of the most inconsiderable dimensions, have, within the last three centuries, possessed themselves of the fairest portions of the earth. From that small island have gone forth influences that girdle the world. In each of the five great divisions of the globe, this race is present with its language and its arts. Never, since the Roman empire, did our people attain such sway.

"Wind may not sweep, nor wild wave foam,'

where that sway is not felt. In either hemisphere, English culture is now the moving force, and the last hope of man. It would be interesting to follow out the probable effects of this culture in other lands,—to see this indefatigable race gradually displacing the influences and the tribes, which have hitherto retarded the progress of man,—to see them climbing the Himmaleh, piercing central Africa, stretching along the Mountains of the Moon, and overspreading Austral Asia, with their beneficent sway,—awakening once more the wizard Genius of the East, and carrying, wherever the sun shines or the winds blow, the sacred gifts of Freedom.

But the limits of this occasion will not allow us to lose ourselves in the boundless prospect which these views unfold. Our attention is called to that portion of the race in which we are more particularly interested, to which we belong. The prospects which our own country unfolds, are sufficient to task the boldest imagination. On this subject much has been said and sung. The mind of this nation is prone to revel in the future. We love to sketch the rising prospects of our land, and are sometimes accused of overdrawing, in the draughts we make on coming years. It may well be doubted, however, whether all that has been said or sung, or dreamed, on this subject, has yet reached the mark of truth and soberness. It is not easy to overstate the limits of American increase. Fifty years have now elapsed since the present Constitution was adopted by the thirteen States, which then composed the Union. Within that period, the thirteen States have become twenty-six, and the three millions, thirteen millions. According to the rate of increase, at which the population of this country has hitherto advanced, fifty years more will give fifty millions, and a hundred years more will give two hundred millions. Meanwhile, if I rightly interpret the course of events, the Anglo-American race will have displaced or absorbed every other race in the northern division of this continent below the sixtieth degree; and the whole vast territory, between Hudson's Bay and the Isthmus of Darien, will have become the habitation of a people, sprung from the same stock, governed by the same institutions, speaking the same tongue;—a fact as yet unknown in the annals of man, and whose bearing on the destiny of man, no tongue can tell, no thought can guess. "The vision," says one of our statesmen, "is too magnificent to be fully borne." What is to be the condition of this mighty empire? We have no sufficient data from which to calculate the probable duration of our Federal Government. Our present views and feelings crave its continuance; and every good citizen, I think, will feel it his duty, at present, so far as in him lies, to promote that end. But we should do injustice to our national character, we should belie the progress we have already made in the science of self-government, and the right apprehension of our own interests, if we supposed that the dissolution of the Federal Government must necessarily be attended with the dissolution of our liberties, and the downfall of our prosperity; that it is impossible in the nature of things, that these now confederate Republics should dwell together, unconfederate in form, but leagued in spirit and in fact; that the written articles cannot be annulled, without annulling also, the elder covenant of brotherly love. As if two or more enlightened and Christian families could not live side by side without a formal constitution, or as if the time would never come, when whole States shall be composed of enlightened and Christian families. I have not so learned the progress of society, nor do I believe that war is the only possible condition of border States, or that mankind, after so many thousand years' teaching, are never to understand the policy of peace. I believe that all the elements which are essential to our prosperity, will remain to us, whatever changes may take place in our political relations. One who has scanned with a curious eye these rising Republics—I refer to M. de Toqueville—has thought to observe that the union of the States is becoming stronger, while the Federal Government is growing weaker. I am not prepared to endorse this conclusion, as a matter of fact, but it seems to me to be a fair deduction from the general principles which govern society at the present day. Union is the leading tendency of this age. Individuals, families, states and nations, are drawing nearer to each other. Every where, mankind are coming to discern more clearly that they have but one interest, and to feel more intensely that they are heirs of one hope, and brothers of one blood. On the other hand, and in consequence, chiefly, of this increased attraction, governments, in the most civilized parts of the world, are gradually growing weaker, and will continue to grow weaker, just in proportion as mankind are united among themselves; for the very obvious reason, that strong governments are not needed where such union exists. It is only because mankind are not perfectly united among themselves, that governments are needed at all. A perfect state of society would be one, in which friendly agreement should be the only rule. Things which cohere of themselves, require not that they should be tied—and whenever society shall have attained that perfect union to which human culture is constantly tending, there will be no government but education. Our Federal, Government was instituted for certain specific purposes. Much good has been effected by it, and doubtless, much more is still to be effected. But if ever the time shall come when those purposes can be better answered in some other way, or when they shall cease to be important, the Government will dissolve of itself, as the capsule bursts when the seed is ripe. The real union having become mature, the formal union will no longer be needed. Whatever may be the form of our Government, the national character will probably remain the same, in all its essential features, for an hundred years to come. And so long as the national character remains the same, we shall continue to grow, we shall continue to prosper. And, what is of far deeper consequence than the growth of territory, or the superficial extension of our present prosperity, we may contemplate, I think, in the more perfect development of those principles which have made us what we are, a solid increase and a more general diffusion of the blessings we enjoy—a prosperity which shall extend inward and downward, as well as outward; a prosperity from which none shall be excluded, to whom there is given a soul to feel, and a will to strive.

Devout Philosophy.—I must be not only excused, but aided, when I endeavor to spread the discoveries which, by the favor of God, I have been enabled to make. God has given me grace to discover alone so many wonders, sublime works of his hands; by him alone, can I find the exact order of their revolutions. Will he not grant me this favor? Such is my hope. I experience great comfort, when I see that God approves the purity of my intentions. —*Galileo: Letter to Vinta.*

Simple Narrative.—How admirable is the simplicity of the Evangelists! They never speak injuriously of the enemies of Jesus Christ, of his executioners, nor of his judges. They report the facts, without adding a single reflection. They remark neither their master's mildness when he was smitten, nor his constancy in the sufferings which they thus describe, *And they crucified Jesus.—Racine.*

Prayer.—Prayer is the ornament of the priesthood, the most essential duty of a minister, the soul of all his functions. Without prayer he is no longer of any use in the ministry—of any service to Christians. He plants, but God does not give the increase; he preaches but his words are as sounding brass; he recites the praises of the Lord, but his heart does not join in them, and he honors God but with his lips. In one word, without prayer, a minister is without soul and without life, all whose labors in the vineyard of the Lord are but like the mechanical movements of an inanimate machine. It is then prayer alone which constitutes the strength and the success of his different services; and he ceases to be acceptable to God or useful to man, as soon as he ceases to pray. In prayer consists all his consolation; and his functions become to him like the yoke of a hireling—like hard, burdensome, and painful tasks, if prayer neither alleviates their burden, solaces their pains, nor consoles him for the little success attending them.—*Massillon.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PARLEY'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

We have been surprised that this little work has not been more noticed and commended in our religious papers, and introduced into all our Sunday Schools. The Geography of the Bible is a study, as it seems to us, which should receive more of our attention than has been given to it in times past. We are not of the number of those who think that the *whole* business of Sunday School instruction should be singly and simply that of making religious impressions. If we were, we should nevertheless recommend the study of the Geography of the Bible as one of the best means by which these impressions might be made and fastened on the mind. But if we consider that one of the great purposes of the Sunday School is to create and foster a love of the Bible, so that as the young advance in years, they may resort to it continually as a fountain from which they may obtain at all times living streams of wisdom and truth,—by which they may deepen their early religious impressions, and obtain new strength and light to aid them in their progress to Heaven, then we must regard this study as one of the most important to which the young can have their attention called. Without it, the Bible is comparatively a sealed book, its meaning half veiled from the keenest perceptions, and in the perusal of which, the interest of the most devoted must flag; its narrative become dull; its history dark, and its precepts lifeless or unavailing. With it, a new charm is thrown over the whole book; a new revelation peers out from many a dark passage, which, uninteresting before, will then be read with interest and delight.

Worcester's Geography of the Bible has been used in some of our Sunday Schools, and is a useful little compendium of the principal facts connected with the Geography of the Holy Land. But nevertheless it is dry in its details, and is unaccompanied as we now find it, with any map to illustrate in a tangible way the present form and divisions, or the changes through which it has passed during its history as connected with the Bible. Whereas Parley's Geography is prepared in a most interesting form for the young, and is accompanied with a great number of views, scenes, plates and maps illustrative of the Geography of this portion of the world. It is just such a book as is wanted in our Sunday Schools to [illegible] Abbott's Allen's Questions, especially the third part; for it not only makes the child acquainted with the situation, dimensions, shape, soil, products, and animals of Palestine, its divisions and sub-divisions at various periods and especially as they existed in the times of our Saviour; but it also furnishes a great number of interesting facts in regard to its cities, its buildings, its customs, and the habits and manners of its people, which are calculated to explain many passages of scripture, and to make the whole Bible better understood, and more eagerly perused. We therefore earnestly commend this work to those who are engaged in the business of Sunday School instruction, and hope that it will be generally used and thoroughly understood. It is accompanied with questions to every chapter, which are of great assistance to both teacher and pupil. P.

Philosophy.—The ancient philosophers had good eyes, but they travelled by night.—*Balzac.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Few, very few of us duly consider the momentous subject of our personal influence. The words, the actions, even the silence of every day life, are acting upon other minds—and influencing other characters. It were idle, and worse than idle to assert that we live only for ourselves, or even for the intimate circle of friends with whom we are brought in daily contact; we live, either for good or evil, to the world, to society, to the future. And just in proportion as we give that influence to the cause of right or wrong, are we benefactors or the reverse to our race. We often hear the excuse for an action, which to say the least is doubtful in its character, 'that I never supposed any one would be influenced by my example,' as though this affected humility would ever be an acceptable plea in the sight of heaven; no, as long as this world of many is composed of units, as long as each of these units is a free agent, so long must there be a great and a solemn responsibility resting upon each, for the influence which he puts forth, which may be as enduring in its effects upon other minds, as are those minds themselves, stretching forward to the boundless future, widening and deepening even to eternity itself. We are too apt to adopt erroneous views upon this subject, to believe that those only, who occupy elevated stations in society, those on whose path the light of genius shines, can do much in influencing the sentiments and conduct of others, but it is not so; we do indeed acknowledge that the servant to whom the five talents were intrusted had a greater responsibility than he who had only one, but this does not prove the latter to be an irresponsible agent. Look at that poor, widowed mother, whose limited powers, and scanty knowledge but fit her for the performance of the duties of her humble station; does she exert no influence over that bounding, laughing boy by her side; oh yes, his mind is forming, his character is moulding under those paternal cares, and it may be that future years may see him guiding a nation's counsels, pleading with Ciceronean eloquence, or dispensing the words of sacred truth from the altar of devotion. Look now at him, whose daily labors afford support to his family, he goes forth in the morning, and at night returns from his task, he assembles around him the little circle for whom his strength has been exerted; the great, the distinguished, those perhaps who have furnished him with employment through the day, know not, or forget his existence, but as he raises his voice in the simple prayer of evening, or reads the words of scripture to the children whom God has given him, think you not there is put forth an influence, which will be purified and sanctified in the abodes of bliss.

Again, look at him who by his pen, or his voice disseminates principles which are in opposition to the pure, life-giving words of the gospel, who lends his mental power to the unholy work of weakening the sanctions of religious principles, who like the blasting Upas of the desert, withers and desolates all within the reach of his power. I will not ask, is this destroyer guiltless, but I would inquire, is he who gives the weight of his presence, his example, by reading his works, or listening to his words, is he guiltless? Oh no, he has done all he could, in as far as his presence could do it to encourage him to go on, and would all do as much, what must be the prevailing tone of writing and speaking throughout the world. The popular writer wields a mighty power for evil or for good—and his influence can be estimated only when the full light of eternity shall have dawned on characters modified by his influence and turned to the paths of holiness or of vice, by his writings. I have sometimes reflected with emotions of deep and peculiar interest upon the brilliant genius of Byron, as I have thought what a vast amount of mental power was perverted from its true, legitimate purposes, and thrown into the scale of vice. There always have been, and always will be, many who think not for themselves, who decide only as those around them do, who in fact look to the master minds of the day, to control and guide their sentiments. How vastly important then, that the influence which is to be thus powerfully felt, should all be given to the right cause. For myself, I would say that though my influence were but as a feather in the scale, that little should be given to the cause of truth, of holiness, and of God. I should think myself wandering from the strict path of duty, could I listen to the thoughtless jest, the profane story, or aught which might to my mind, lessen the great sanctions of religious truth. Could I listen to them, and by an approving glance, or a smile of pleasure, manifest an interest in them, I should feel that though no word were spoken, I had looked assent. Could I with sectarian littleness, denounce those who might honestly differ from me, and deny to them that regard which man every where owes to his fellow-man I should feel that I was putting forth an influence which might be powerful over minds less [illegible] I should feel that if the wild Bedouin of the desert read me a lesson, when he declared 'that in the sight of God we are all equal, all his children, and have no right to meddle with another's creed.' In fine, I would feel myself as responsible for the exertion of my influence in the humblest station, as in the most exalted. I would feel, that since a casual remark, a hasty action may exert a power over some mind, which shall be undying as that mind itself, I would feel, and deeply realize, the importance of consecrating time, example and every power of heart and mind to the service of Him, 'in whom we live, and move and have our being.' L. E. P.

Lowell.

High Pay for Lectures.—During last month the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, of Edinburgh, delivered in London a series of lectures, for which, according to a statement in the Edinburgh Chronicle, he receives from the Christian Influence Society the sum of fifty pounds for each lecture. The lecturer's theory of a church establishment recognizes, not only a legal provision for the clergy, but the territorial distribution of the people into parishes, each under the superintendence of its own clergyman. His scheme proposes that the whole country should be parcelled out into parishes, each containing not more than a population of 2,000, and that the clergyman of each should *fill his church* out of his own parish, and reclaim every family and every individual committed to his care to the habits of regular church-going.—*Niles's Register.*

Translated for the Register and Observer

GERMAN PARABLES.

The wood gatherers.

Two boys, the sons of poor parents, went one day in autumn into the woods to gather dry sticks. One of them, the son of a pious widow, was called Erhard; the other, Matthias, had a harsh step mother at home who lived on bad terms with his father.

When the boys came to the wood, they agreed to go back together, when they returned, and there separated to gather the dry sticks. Erhard busily collected them; and when he saw a dry branch on a tree he climbed up and broke off the branch. In a short time he had prepared a heavy bundle and tied it fast together.

Then he ran off on the other side of the path and called to his comrade. He answered from the depths of the wood, and as Erhard came up to him, he found him among the nut bushes. When Erhard saw him, he said, Come, let us go home; where is your bundle? But Matthias answered, What, are you ready so soon? I have found nothing yet.

Erhard wondered at this, but when he saw that Matthias had only been looking after nuts, he said, Come, I will help you get them, otherwise we cannot go together, my mother is waiting for mine.

Then Matthias took out a crooked knife, and looked round to see if any one saw him. But Erhard asked, What are you going to do? He replied, Do you get a few dry sticks, which I will put on the outside of the bundle, and I will look out for the inside. Then he was going to cut down a young oak with his knife.

But Erhard cried out and said, God forbid that you should do so to the young tree. That were a shame and a sin. For if the Forester should discover it, he would forbid any body from gathering wood, here, and you would be the cause that all the poor people should go without wood in the hard winter. God forbid that we should do such an evil; only wait a little and I will do the business.

Erhard looked round and saw an old oak with many dead limbs; he climbed up like a squirrel, and broke off the dry twigs. But Matthias was astonished. In less than half an hour they had wood enough, and Erhard made up a bundle and carried it to the place where his own was and laid it down, and told Matthias, Come, take it on your shoulder. But Matthias said, No, give me yours, for that is smaller and lighter. Erhard laughed and said, But you are bigger than I and stronger. But let it be as you say. So they took the bundle and went along.

But Matthias panted severely and complained, and before they were out of the woods, he bade Erhard stop and rest for he was very tired. Whenever they came to a nut bush, he wanted to see if there were any nuts on it. But Erhard restrained him, and said, I must to my mother. When they came to a turn in the road Matthias became angry and threw his bundle down to the ground, and exclaimed, You have made it too heavy: and took out some large sticks, saying, any body may have them that wants. Erhard picked them up, put them with his own, and said, I will carry them for you to the town. Matthias was surprised at the kindness and strength of his comrade, and asked him, Who taught you to do this, and what gives you strength? Erhard answered, My mother's love. But Matthias sighed and groaned.

The Oracle.

Strephon, an illustrious Greek youth, said one day to his teacher, I should like to go to Delphi that my destiny may be foretold me. It seems to me, I should then order my life much better, and choose the way of wisdom more securely. As you please, said the teacher. I will go with you.

They took the journey, and came to Delphi. With genuine emotions of reverence, the young man trod the fearful plains which surrounded the sanctuary. They reached the temple and sat down opposite to it. Then Strephon read the inscription over the entrance, Know Thyself. What do these words mean? said he to his teacher.

He answered, They are easy to understand. Consider who thou art, and for what thou hast received life. Man must know himself thoroughly before he attempts to investigate his future destiny.

Who am I then? said the youth. You are Strephon, said the teacher, the son of honest Agathias. But when death comes upon you, as recently upon your brother Kallias, can I say to your inanimate body, or your ashes, 'My dear Strephon!' Behold the Being which thinks is you, and is soon to learn its destiny from the lips of the Priest—that is yourself. This invisible Being is designed to direct your Doing and Letting and to form up your life into one definite whole. Thereby you will be like the Deity, and contented with yourself. For a man in whom this spirit rules is like a well tuned Lyre, which utters only pleasing notes. But the man who is ruled by Passion and Desire is a slave. The meaner impulse compels him, without will, in the ungodly way. He who intimately knows this his destination and searches himself, how far he has got on his way, toward the mark,—or how far he has wandered from it—he knows himself.

The youth was silent, and said, Well then, let us up, and go into the temple. But Strephon said, No my dear teacher, the inscription satisfies me, I am ashamed of my foolish wish. I have enough to do with myself and the present. I shall not cumber myself with the future. Well then, said the teacher, you will not be sorry for your journey, you have attained your object, and have heard God's voice; you are on the way to wisdom. Your humility is proof of it—for it is the first fruit of wisdom.

Peace of the Church.—The church has sometimes had peace from Pagan persecutors, but rarely from her own children.—*St. Bernard.*

Sins in Devotion.—When I do solemnly promise my heavenly Father to sin no more, I sin in my very promise: my weak prayers made to procure my pardon, increase my guiltiness. O, the dullness and deadness of my heart therein! I say my prayers as the Jews eat the passover, in haste. And whereas in bodily actions, motion is the cause of heat; clean contrary, the more speed I make in my prayers, the colder I am in my devotion.—*T. Fuller.*

[Correspondence of the New York Observer]

JOHN FALK--CHARLES REINTHALER--THE DESCENDENTS OF LUTHER.

Bolbec, (Lower Seine,) June 8, 1838.

How wonderful are the ways of God! and how he causes all things to work together for the accomplishment of his great designs! He searches out, wheresoever it pleases him, in the poorest huts, in the most obscure retreats, those whom he employs as chosen instruments to establish his dominion. He prepares, at a distance, both the men and the events, so that every thing is ready, when the appointed day arrives, to produce great effects from little causes. Three hundred years ago, the son of a laborer in the mines of Germany wrested half Europe from the yoke of the Papacy, and founded a reformed church, whose vigorous roots have spread themselves through the soil of two worlds. Now, I am about to tell you of a poor child, born on the shores of the Baltic, who has been a father to many hundreds of orphans, and having roused the zeal of another Christian by his example, has caused an asylum to be opened at Erfurth, where the last descendants of Luther have been received. It is a simple story, but interesting, and worthy to be repeated; and it forms a curious episode in the history of Protestant Germany in the nineteenth century.

John Falk was born at Dantzic, in 1768. He belonged to a family of the class of laborers, and seemed destined to pass an obscure life at his father's trade. But he showed such uncommon talents during his earliest years at school, that the municipal council of his native town resolved to pay the expense of his studies at the university. Young Falk therefore prepared to enter a higher school, and endeavored to justify the singular kindness of which he was the object. When the time for his departure had come, he was called to appear before the assembled magistrates of Dantzic. He presented himself before them, filled with a lively sense of obligation, and with tears in his eyes. Those venerable men placed the young student in the midst of them, affectionately give him their hands, and blessed him. One of the magistrates, among the rest, whose hair was white with age, took him by the hand, and said to him: 'John, you ought to go. Go, then, under the protection of God. Remember that you are our debtor; for we have furnished what the poverty of your family could not, and have paid the expense of your education. John, you ought to pay that debt. Therefore, to whatever place the Lord shall call you, and whatever may be your future condition here below, always remember that you have been poor. *And if, at some future time, poor children knock at your door, say in your heart, 'These are the old magistrates of Dantzic, the Burgomaster and the Councillors, who have come to me for assistance,' —and do not close the door of your house against them.*'

The youth replied to the old man's noble and touching words, only by a flood of tears; and then went to the university of Halle, treasuring up in his heart the memory of the blessings and exhortations which he had received. His powers of mind there received a rapid developement, and he soon acquired the reputation of an eminent scholar. The most illustrious men of his age and country, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Wieland, invited him to the little town of Weimar, the Athens of modern Germany, and esteemed him as a man worthy to be placed by their side. John Falk cultivated literature with success, not having yet found what is the true end of life, but endeavoring always to do what is becoming and good. Having become a husband and a father, he enjoyed uninterrupted domestic felicity, and saw promising children grow up around him.

Meanwhile war extended its ravages in Germany, to the shores of the Baltic. Napoleon, attended by his grand army, rolled his impetuous waves like an irresistible torrent, and left behind him countries laid waste, cities burned, hamlets covered with bloody ruins, heaps of dead, and a multitude of orphan children, who wandered hither and thither, without support, without a refuge, and without bread. John Falk felt himself moved by such an amount of distress, and thought he heard the voice of God, commanding him to succor this afflicted people. He left, therefore, his peaceable and studious retreat; he gave up writing, that he might act, and, with a generous courage, threw himself into the midst of the fearful scenes of the war. General Coehorn, who appreciated the noble character of Falk, gave him the command of two companies of chosen men, with orders to re-establish order and safety in the villages. He went from place to place, repressing the excesses of the soldiery, arresting plunderers, protecting the peasants, enforcing the restitution of goods, and hastening wherever there were misfortunes to repair. It was an admirable sight, to see a man of real goodness take his place, without fear of death, amid the tumults of warlike passions, restraining the licentiousness of camps, half by persuasion and half by force, and taking all pains in his power to heal the wounds which his companions in arms had made! He was, so to speak, a guardian angel to the population of Germany,—an angel who followed the demon of battle, to allay his rage.

But while John Falk was engaged in this lovely employment, a severe domestic affliction smote him in his tenderest affections. The bloody battle of Leipsic, where the fortune of Napoleon fell beneath the blows of allied Europe, gave rise to an epidemic disease, which spread through a great part of Germany. In some villages, more than sixty children lost their parents in a few days. In others, the children died, leaving their fathers and mothers overwhelmed with grief. John Falk lost, in less than a month, four children, already grown up, on whom he had built the sweetest hopes of his old age. In vain he surrounded them with all that paternal solicitude could do. God, who had other views concerning him, took them in his arms to hide them in the tomb.

While Falk was bearing his children to their last earthly abode, a crowd of orphans, covered with rags, pale, emaciated with hunger, with their eyes in tears and their hands stretched out in supplication, beset the door of his mansion. 'Oh!' said Falk, who had not forgotten the words of the old man of Dantzic, '*Here are the burgomaster and councillors of my native town, calling at my door in the shape of these poor children.*' He opened his house to them all, day and night, he took them to his broken heart, he gave them food and clothing, and finally, with a few pious men, he formed an association, called *The Society of Friends in Need. (Gesellschaft der Freunde in der Noth.)* This institution proposed to accomplish two distinct objects: first, it assisted the poor villagers, by giving them bread to eat, materials for rebuilding their burnt houses, seed to sow their fields, and money to purchase cattle; in the second place, it undertook to receive poor children, orphans or foundlings, to procure for them a suitable education, and prepare them to gain an honest living.

John Falk applied all his time and fortune to the accomplishment of this excellent work. He founded a *House of Refuge for Poor Children*; and, with a holy zeal, he went himself through the streets and lanes, to find those who had lost their parents, or whose parents were unable to bring them up. Thus, one part of the evils of war was repaired; Germany, long laid waste and ravaged by dreadful calamities, began to hope for better days, and Christian charity wiped away the bitter tears that flowed from the eyes of forsaken infancy. One man alone

undertook these great works, and he soon gathered numerous friends around his institution. The poor boy of Dantzic paid the debt to the unfortunate, which he contracted when he received the aid of his fellow-citizens. He was energetic and persevering in his work, because he relied upon the God of mercy; and he gave to the world another proof, that Christians are the true philanthropists; or rather, that they alone deserve that honorable name.

The example of Falk found imitators in other parts of Germany. A young man, Charles Reinthaler having nearly finished his theological studies conceived the project of becoming also an instructor of abandoned or indigent children. He gathered them around him, he gave them bread for the body and bread for the soul, and did for them all that the most active charity could prompt. His plan, at first, was on a small scale; but as he went on with his work, its demands became more numerous; and in the beginning of the year 1820, he established, like John Falk, a *Society of Friends in Need at Erfurth.*

The children, boys and girls, whom this Society had taken under its direction, were placed, according to the difference of their ages and dispositions, either with reputable trades-people, or in manfacturing establishments. But on the Sabbath, they met together in the old buildings of the Convent of Erfurth, to be instructed, exhorted and edified by Charles Reinthaler. By this means, many children were rescued from early corruption, and brought to the feet of the Savior. The magistrates of Erfurth, seeing the good which was done by this institution, and desiring to assist it according to their ability, granted to Charles Reinthaler a great part of the old monastery of the Augustines, that he might collect together there, all the children who were unable to go out to labor.

Those who have read the history of the Reformation need not be reminded, that the Convent of the Augustines at Erfurth is the place where Luther lived for several years in retirement from the world, and prepared himself, by the blessing of God and by prayer, to overthrow the fortresses of the Papacy. They still show the cell in which the Reformer read the Bible in secret, questioned his own conscience concerning the great duties which it enjoined upon him, and strengthened his soul by imploring the aid of the Holy Spirit, to sustain the gigantic struggle of truth against falsehood. This cell has been preserved with a religious care by the inhabitants of Erfurth, and no stranger fails to visit that retreat,—the illustrious cradle of the most important religious revolution of modern times.

On the eleventh of November, 1821, the new orphan house was solemnly dedicated in the convent of Erfurth. John Falk had come from Weimar to assist in this affecting ceremony, and had composed a hymn for the occasion, full of the spirit of religion and of poetry. In 1823, a school was established in the same place, at the expense of the state and of the town. Eighteen years from that time, at the close of 1837 2,854 children had been received, supported and educated in this establishment, and 1,440 other children had attended the school. God only knows all the good that this society had done; but it is time to mention one fact, which has recently found a place in all the Protestant journals of Europe.

In 1825, the Director, Charles Reinthaler, received as a present from the widow of a physician, whose name was *Bernard Merian Florian Luther*, a genealogical tree of the descendants of the great Reformer. It is a very curious document, and I will give you a short abstract of it.

1. *Martin Luther*, the Reformer.
2. *John Luther*, eldest son of Martin; born in 1526, died in 1575.
3. *Nicholas Luther*, eldest son of John. He lived nearly a century, and left two sons, Peter and Nicholas.
4. *Nicholas Luther*, second son of Nicholas, lived from 1624 to 1683, and left three sons.
5. *Simon Luther*, second son of Nicholas; born in 1646, died in 1677. He left five children.
6. *Lawrence Theophilus Luther*, younger son of Simon; born in 1677, died in 1738. He also left five children.
7. *John Melchior Luther*, son of the preceding; born in 1727, died in 1788. He left nine children.
8. *John Michael Luther*, son of the last named, born in 1763. The genealogical tree does not show the date of his death.
9. *Joseph Charles Luther*, son of John Michael, born in 1792. (He died in 1834.)

This last, (Joseph Charles,) went to reside in Bohemia It appears that he lived an irregular life, which reduced him to extreme poverty. When he was in want of means to keep himself and his numerous family alive, the Romish priests of Bohemia persuaded the wretched man to come back under the yoke of the Papacy; and in the end, this unworthy descendant of the Reformer abandoned the Reformed religion for a little money! Thus, the posterity of Luther had returned to Romanism!!! This was matter of great joy to the priests. Sometime afterwards, the Roman Catholic journals of Paris announced, with shouts of triumph, that the descendents of Martin Luther had abjured the error of their progenitor! They made this fact a ground for predicting that the Reformed religion itself would soon disappear before the authority of the Holy See. But they were guilty of a very stupid error, both of logic and of date. They drew their inference from a fact which had occurred several years before, and which did not exist when they referred to it. See what came to pass.

By examining the genealogical tree of the descendants of Luther, Charles Reinthaler learned that several members of that family were still in existence. He exerted himself to find out their retreat. His heart told him, that it would be a commendable and generous act, to receive one or two of Luther's posterity into the same convent of Erfurth, where Luther had been divinely called to the service of the gospel. After many inquiries, Reinthaler ascertained that Joseph Charles Luther resided in Bohemia; that he had two sons and three daughters; and that he had returned to the bosom of the Romish church. The founder of the institution at Erfurth was deeply grieved at this news, and requested Charles Luther to commit one of his sons to his care. Charles, who was in reality no more a Catholic than a Protestant, made not the least objection to Reinthaler's proposal; and on the 16th of May, 1830, Anthony Luther, his eldest son, born in 1824, entered the Monastery at Erfurth, and became a hearer of the pure doctrine of the gospel, near by the cell of the Reformer. He was received into the family circle of Reinthaler. His character appeared to be mild, amiable, peaceable; his intellectual faculties, moderate. After a while, he improved in strength, both of mind and body; but not having traits of character suitable for the ministry, or any other liberal profession, he some time since entered a joiner's shop as an apprentice. I have nothing further to relate of him, except that he has returned to the bosom of the Reformed Church, and embraced the doctrines of Protestantism.

This is not all. Joseph Charles Luther died, as I have already said, in 1834, and left four children with his widow, viz. *Maria and Anna Luther*, twins, born in 1819; *John Luther*, born in 1826; and *Therese Luther*, born in 1831. This widow, with her four children, was almost entirely destitute of the means of subsistence. The priests had made great promises to her husband, to induce him to embrace Popery; but after he had done it, they gave themselves little trouble about keeping their word. The desolate widow appealed to Reinthaler, and besought him, in the name of God, to have compassion on four of Luther's descendants, and to receive them, as well as Anthony, the eldest, into the establishment at Erfurth. This request could not be refused, and it was not. How should it be possible to close the doors of an orphan house against the last and unfortunate descendants of Martin Luther? What Protestant is there—what true Christian is there, who does not feel that he owes a debt to the illustrious monk of Erfurth, and who is not disposed to make generous sacrifices for the remaining branches of the race? Ah! If the children of Luther had appeared in France, covered with rags, begging for bread, for a refuge, for protectors, for a pious education, our Reformed Church would have granted their request with joy, and blessed God for the power to do that work of goodness. And if these same children had appeared in the United States, would not the voice of every Protestant communion, from one extremity of the land to the other, have been raised to exclaim, 'Let us adopt, as children of the church, as our own children, the descendants of the man who has been, next to God, our greatest benefactor?' Germany above all,—Protestant Germany, which is indebted to Luther for moral and religious independence, could not remain insensible to the wretchedness of these orphans.

On the 17th of July, 1835, they entered the house at Erfurth; just 330 years after the time when Martin Luther shut himself up in that Convent to avoid the temptations of a corrupt world, and to consecrate himself wholly to the service of God. Liberal provision has been made for their maintenance by many friends of the gospel. 'God only knows,' says a German editor, 'what he has determined, in his designs of mercy, in favor of the orphans of Luther. It does not belong to us to penetrate the secret designs of the Lord. But this we know,—that it is our duty to love, to work while it is yet day, and to be merciful, as our heavenly Father is merciful. We know, too, that Jesus Christ commanded that little children should be suffered to come unto him. How many good works, how many important enterprises, have been executed by men who, in their infancy, were cast upon public charity! The Lord often chooses, as St. Paul has said, the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty.' (1 Cor. i. 27)

'IT IS NO TASK.'

At the annual meeting of the Cambridge [Eng.] Bible Society, the Rev. Professor Scholefield related the following anecdote of Mr Hone, the well-known author of the *Every Day Book.*—Mr Hone, in the days of his infidelity, was travelling in Wales on foot, and being rather tired and thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage where there was a little girl seated reading, and whom he asked, if she would give him a little water. 'O yes, sir,' she said, 'if you will come in, mother will give you some milk and water;' upon which he went in and partook of that beverage, the little girl again resuming her seat and her book. After a short stay in the cottage he came out and accosted the child at the door, 'Well, my little girl, are you getting your task?'—'O no, sir,' she replied, 'I am reading the Bible.' 'But,' said Mr Hone, 'you are getting your task out of the Bible.'—'O no, sir, it is no task to me to read the Bible—it is a pleasure.' This circumstance had such an effect upon Mr Hone, that he determined to read the Bible too, and he was now (said Professor Scholefield) one of the foremost to upholding and defending the great truths contained in that holy book.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Having obtained information of the present situation of this interesting portion of Polynesia, from one who has observed it in person, we have set down some hasty and detached memoranda of our gleanings.

Four hundred children usually assemble in the Sunday-school at Wailokui. About 250 of these read very well, and are capable of comprehending almost any subject in morals or religion which is plainly exhibited.

Diseases introduced by Europeans during the visits of Cook, Vancouver, and others, have devastated the Islands, and still exert a fatal influence on the population.

Books cannot be prepared in sufficient variety to meet the wants of the people, as they learn to read. This want is particularly felt in the schools.

One of the pupils of the High School executes very correct maps by copperplate engraving.

The Sandwich Islands are chiefly mountains. The summits of the two highest are covered with snow. The population live on or near the shores. The mountains are evidently of volcanic origin, and the surface even now is almost covered with lava. Not a twentieth part of the surface has been cultivated.

Forty square feet of well watered land will produce taro enough to sustain one person for a year.

The productions of the islands are taro, potatoes, yams, onions, sugar-cane, corn, beans, cabbage, melons, tomatoes, oranges, limes, pine-apples, mulberries, &c.

The Americans have obtained a lease of a large tract of land for the cultivation of silk.

Cotton may be raised with very little labor. The body and mind of the Sandwich Islander are in strong contrast: the former being large and strong, the latter dwarfish and feeble. Education and religion have improved this native imbecility of intellect, but it is still one of the greatest obstacles in the way of their elevation. The minds of children, however, are found to be as capacious and ready as those of any nation, and their progress at school is very encouraging. The missionaries are often astonished at the industry in study they evince, compared with the indolence and stupidity of the natives in general. Some of them are successfully taught the higher branches of the mathematics.

The native temper is docile and pliant, but capable of deep malice and cruelty. The people are naturally improvident and idle.

Notwithstanding the existence of many vices which habit has rendered national, it may be said that the Islanders are now a moral people. With a small exception they have become temperate, and with the excessive use of ardent spirits that once prevailed, have passed away the impure and violent amusements which attended it. The Sabbath is virtually observed as a day of rest, and if the school and place of worship are not attended, they remain at home. The characteristic crimes of the nation are licentiousness and theft.

They are ready to conform to the outward duties of religion. Hence arises great difficulty in judging of the sincerity of professed converts, and the great liability of their yielding to some system of religion that will be satisfied with nominal adherence. The conscience is weak; there is little strength of purpose or perseverance. There are many bright exceptions to this remark in the churches that have been founded on the island; but this is one of the difficulties of their evangelization.

There are between twenty and thirty thousand who can read the New Testament intelligently. Multitudes have committed to memory a short catechism, containing a summary of Christian truth, and many of those have learned it from each other, without being able to read.

In the immediate vicinity of the stations the majority of adults, probably, know what is right and wrong according to the Bible, and what they must do to be saved: but owing to their habitual want of thought and reflection, their ideas are often very crude and confused.

The most successful way of preaching to them is by reducing every statement to the simplest possible terms. They do not understand general principles. Every item of instruction and of inference must be brought down to their apprehension by the plainest illustrations. Thay understand the Savior's parables better than any other part of the Scripture; and are interested by the personal history of Christ. The boys in the high school are making fine progress in learning, and this source is looked to for supplying go odteachers for the nation and eventually preachers.

A few men are now employed in giving public instruction to the people under the direction of the missionaries. One of these is named Bartimeus, a middle-aged man, and nearly blind; a decided Christian and an eloquent speaker. His acquaintance with the Bible is remarkable, and his services are very valuable. David Malo, another native, is superior to Bartimeus in education and intellect, but not so powerful a speaker, or as strong in his influence, though always a very useful assistant to the mission.

The civilization of the Islands is advancing. In dress, dwellings, and domestic habits, there is a gradual though slow progress of improvement.—*S. S. Journal.*

THE BIBLE.—In a dedication to an early printed black letter Bible to Edward VI., by Edmund Burke, we find the following curious passage:—"Let this booke bee a perpetual president and a patterne for all lawes and lawyers, a jewell of joy for all that by your grace's commission is constituted in office or authorities. Then should the great travail—the immoderate expenses and costes which the poor man dayly sustayneth in his endless suits, pierce and move theyr heartes with pitie and compassion. Then neither should God's cause nor the poor man's matter, have so many puteffs and delays.' A little further, he hopes, 'that the better classes of society would willingly vouchsafe to suffer-ate, and spare an hour or two in a day from their worldlie business, employing it about the reading of this booke, as they have been used heretofore to do in Chronicles and Canterburie Tales.' A copy of the rare Bible from which the above is taken, is in the possession of Earl Spencer, at Althorp.

THE WHOLE BIBLE.

A Roman Catholic priest in Ireland sympathising with the moral condition of his parish, contrived what could be done, consistent with his own religious creed, to overtake the population with some remedial measures, and it struck him that it would be well to print and circulate the epistles of St. Peter by themselves, in a separate tract. He did so, but, some how or other, they did not sell. He then thought he had better add to the title, "The Epistles of St. Peter, Head of the Church." Still, however, nobody bought them. At last it suggested itself to his mind, that if he placed between the title-page and the epistles themselves, a representation of St. Peter's Cathedral at Reme, they would sell. He did so; and now the whole edition was soon bought up. One of the copies fell into the hands of a man, who, having read it, went to the priest, and having ascertained that he had put them in circulation, said,

"I have not got all. Are there not the epistles of some other fellows?"

"What makes you think so?" said the priest.

"Because," replied the man, "I find it is written, 'As our beloved brother Paul hath said.' Now, where is the epistle of St. Paul?"

"It is even so," said the priest.

The man never rested until he had procured a copy of the New Testament. Having read it, he came again to the priest.

"Ah, I have not got it all yet," said he.

"Why not?" said the priest.

"Because I read, 'As it is written in the Book of Psalms'—'As it is written in the Book of Hosea'—'As saith the prophet Jeremiah'—'As saith the prophet Isaiah;' and then with all the characteristic ardor of an Irishman, pointed out to the priest the noble array of finger-posts and landmarks in the New Testament, pointing to the existence of the Old.

"Well, said the priest, "you are right now also; there is another book much larger than that which you have."

"O let me have it," said the man; and he never rested till he was possessed of a perfect copy of the Scriptures.

Having then penetrated, as it were, both strata—both hemispheres—and absorbed the light of both, the man went to his own priest and applied for absolution, which he refused him, among other reasons, because he was a Bible reader, and that, therefore, there was no absolution for him. However, he so urged his suit, with that irresistible Irish force to which there was no parallel in the universe—that the priest agreed to let him have absolution upon payment of a certain sum of money. The man then pulled out from under his coat the Bible, and said to the priest,

"I come to you for absolution: you say I must not have it because I am a Bible reader; at last you agree to give me absolution if I pay you half a crown. I do not want your absolution;" and opening the Bible in the middle, as a person in his condition would naturally do, and read, (and it was fit that such a blessed passage should be found in the centre of the Bible,) "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, without money and without price."—*Canada Baptist Magazine.*

TEMPERANCE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. J. Dilel, Chaplain to Seamen at Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, dated April 26th, 1838, presents a very important fact in the progress of morals at the Sandwich Islands. If the rulers of this nominally Christian nation would be equally prompt in the suppression of intemperance, that scourge of the land would be effectually restrained, if not wholly subdued.

'The fact of most interest respecting the state of things here, is, that the King has, by a recent proclamation, suppressed all the grog-shops, renewing the licenses of two billiard rooms, which are authorized to retail ardent spirits. I think that the measure will be attended with good effects, though it cannot be supposed that it will *effectually* remedy or check the evil it is designed to control. Still something has been done, and if there are sailors who will still 'drink and be drunken,' the number will not be so great by any means, as was the case when almost the first house and the last house a sailor met with on coming ashore, was a licensed grog shop, where the fiddle, and the noise of merriment, draw in multitudes, and who having once entered such a scene, found no restraint to keep them back from being debased by the whole of its temptations. The two licensed houses are under pretty severe instructions. They are to be closed at 10 o'clock at night, and are not to be opened on the Sabbath.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Aug. 19th, 1838.

I have just returned from the —— Church, and should like, through the medium of your columns; to express my gratitude to the preacher, for the able manner in which he handled a subject, often the cause of my most painful reflections. In alluding to the *apparently* fruitless labor of the Christian teacher, he supposed the bosom of the multitude laid open—and the hopes and fears, the delights and agonies of mortal durance exposed to view.

How often would he, who discouraged by a superficial acquaintance with man's nature, sits down despairingly, and with folded hands, bewails his ignorance; be delighted to find that his words had made a deep impression upon some infant mind, or hushed the rebellious throbs of some mourner's heart—how often would the heart-felt agony, the timid hope, concealed beneath a Paris bonnet, or an India shawl, bring the tear of compassion to his eye!

It is not only during the hour 'often unwillingly spent' in the House of God, that a fashionable dress or a calm exterior, conceals the misery endured for months, or the disappointed hopes and ambitious impulses which make the heart beat quick against the embroidered girdle, or add a lustre to an eye which beams softly upon some unbearded collegian, or travelled exquisite at its side. Oh! if any one in entering the assembly room, crowded with beautiful and expressive faces, could with the eye of Omnipotence, look into each heart—he would pity, he would love the whole human race!

I have stood—as I sometimes choose to do, on such occasions, in some luxurious boudoir, or darkened corner, and watched the workings of human passions and feelings. I have gazed upon the brilliant and changing countenance of the city belle,—I have listened to the frivolous and heartless words dropt from ruby lips, graced by polished utterance—and have turned heart-sick away,—'for I say unto you, of every idle word that you speak, ye shall render account thereof at the day of judgment.'

I have glanced around the room, and in bitterness of heart have asked, 'Can any of these beautiful automata possess a soul? Oh no! Diogenes in his tub was more useful to mankind, these cannot be immortal beings!' I have stood by the side of the beaming bride, and, as with a careless courtesy, or winning smile, she received her happy visitors, I have asked—'Where is the consciousness of responsibility to God and to her husband—where the sorrow at parting with long tried friends, or regret for the days of by-gone and innocent pleasures—where the anxiety which every sentient being feels, as she looks tremblingly through the dark, deep void of futurity, and recollects the oath she has taken, and the ties which so softly bind her?

I have heard the voice of tender manhood, jesting upon holy things, I have seen the delicate hand of Nature's loveliest daughter, push aside the volumes of Holy Writ, to grasp the precious scribbling of some flimsy novelist; I have seen careless and happy childhood stamp its foot and pour forth passionate reproaches; and in trembling agony have asked myself, 'where is that beautiful and holy spirit of love, which God has breathed into the bosom of each created being? Is there no *one* amid the many who throng our fashionable avenues, who dreams of heaven or eternity? Is there no conscience living or speaking amid that group of fashionable frailties? Is there no still small voice, that whispers of this dreadful waste of existence?'

Yet, again: I have followed the blooming belle to her solitary chamber I have seen her the prey to restless remorse, of unrestrained emotions, and my heart has bled; I have followed the coquette to her father's home, I have seen the flush of anxious agony deepen on her cheek, as in a fruitless search for some forgotten love token, her hand lingered for a moment on her mother's Bible, and her bending knees, and earnest tearful prayer, attested the existence of an immortal mind; I have watched the bride, when in the quiet of her own home, she first becomes sensible of a wife's or mother's duties, and in the daily developement of lovely and excellent qualities, have learned to appreciate my sex; I have seen the strong man, weakened by disease, and heard the voice, which cursed the Redeemer's name, read lessons of moral excellence to a rising generation; I have seen the young and lovely bend over the bed of pain, and have blessed God that I am a human being; I have caressed the child upon my knee, and listened in wonder to the out-pourings of an inquisitive infant mind which dared to question Omnipotence itself.

Why then, so much hypocrisy, so much useless deceit in the world? why that unceasing care for the concerns of this life, and the dress of this well proportioned frame? It is true that the heart is oftimes as cold, as the lips would teach us to believe, and she upon whom Almighty Love has lavished many a blessing, is ungrateful and careless, but there is ever a *depth* in the human heart, which will brook *no sounding!*

I have seen one, who had not numbered sixteen summers, reflecting upon her lot, with a sober sadness, best fitted for a Bowditch or La Place, yet she amidst her companions was gayest of the gay.

How seldom do the countenances of an audience, express an interest in the words that fall from the preacher's lips, and how often ere the sacred walls are left, do we see the young and the happy, if so they may be called,—in close conversation of no serious import. Oh! let me say with the preacher who has so aptly and so emphatically *expressed*, what I have so deeply *felt*, 'May God preserve us in this changing world!'

Man is better than we believe him to be; and woman who brings joy to his fireside, and comfort to his home, is more than worthy of his love; yet we can never blame him for holding her in utter contempt, if he regards the airy nymph who graces a box at the theatre, and affects to despise every thing, that is beautiful and natural, as a model of our sex; but could he know, as God knows, how bitterly woman regrets the time wasted in frivolus pursuits, in endless nothings, he would judge her better and do justice to the fairest of God's creation.

C.

SICKNESS.—In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. And first, she unties the strings of vanity, that made her upper garment cleave to the world and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic summer robe of lust and wanton appetite.

Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride, and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down; those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the frowardness of fancy, and allaying the vapor of conceit and factious opinions.

Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconcilement and Christian atonement, in their places.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—At this travelling season, and with the tremendous and heart-sickening occurrences before our eyes, it would seem a reasonable expectation that those who put themselves upon the 'vast deep,' or in the 'whizzing car,' should consider how many dangers await them: and whether, in all the hilarity of anticipated joys, they may not be summoned to that Bar from which there is no appeal. Facts are serious things, and sensible men will be guided by them. We here present a few. To confine ourselves to steamboats alone. The Ben Sherod, the Home, and the Franklin, each 100 lost, Moselle 120; Oronoco, 130; Washington, 50; Pulaski, 150;—Total, 750! Who, as he looks at this fearful desolation, in the midst of life's most interesting occupations, will not desire to have his 'lamp trimmed and burning,' as he reflects that there is, while upon the wide waste of waters, but a 'single plank' between himself and eternity? We recollect in our young days to have frequently visited the shop of an eccentric but pious artizan, in which were always to be seen over his little bench, in full bright letters, the words: 'Time is short—We must all die—Are you ready?' The admonition is very well suited to these days, when 'dangers, accidents, and death,' bestrew our paths.—*Gospel Messenger.*

From 'The Life of Bishop Wilson,' by the Rev. Hugh Stowell.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Reading the Holy Scriptures.—The primitive Christians had the greatest esteem for the sacred Scriptures and read them constantly, that they might be able to instruct their children and servants in the ways of life, and in the knowlege and fear of God; leaving them this as the best inheritance.

Singing of Psalms.—Instead of profane and idle songs, the odes of Satan (as St. Chrysostom calls them,) they taught their children 'psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.'

Public Prayers.—These were attended to with great reverence, as in the house and presence of God, as observed by angels; they heard the sacred Scriptures with gravity and attention. Even the greatest persons thought themselves obliged to this decency and humility, out of respect to the King of kings.

Heavenly-mindedness.—Their conversation was in heaven. 'Nobody,' says Justin Martyr, 'will charge us with being greedy of riches or pleasures, and, indeed, he that can be content with the necessaries of life, need not be much beholden to the world for what he shall want, to be anxious for what will not make him one jot the happier. They valued the riches and honors which God had given them, chiefly that they had something which they could willingly renounce when called for; and valued men as nothing when compared with the love of God. They had no other concern in this world but to do their duty, and to get out of it as soon as they could, that they might enjoy a much better life.

Soberness in apparel.—A vain garb is a certain indication of a vain mind. A Christian ought to appear to be such in every thing, in his dress, &c. The primitive Christians were far from condemning that distinction in apparel, which is suited to different ranks and employments. Excess and singularity were the two things which they avoided, conforming themselves to the decent manner of the times and places in which they lived. Vanity, costliness, and finery they guarded against, as much as was consistent with the former rules. Emulation in dress they abhorred. 'Must we not live like ourselves?' 'Yes; but be sure it be like Christians, who have renounced the pride of life, lest they should be a snare, and inflame the breast of others with unlawful passions. A painted face, cannot, in any sense, be called the image of God.'

Temperance and Abstemiousness.—To be temperate in all things was the rule of Christians in those days, especially in meats and drinks. They abhorred excess in every thing. Religion and sobriety were what regulated their meals. They always prayed to God before they ventured to use his creatures.

Patience under their Sufferings.—They neither fretted nor fainted. Their behavior was such as became the mild spirit of the Gospel, praying for their persecutors that they might obtain mercy, and bearing their sufferings with a composed spirit.

Their Morals.—Do as you would be done by, their great rule; to hurt nobody, and give to every man his due; to act sincerely; they abhorred a lie and all mental reservation. 'I speak truly,' was to them as firm as an oath. They were tender of men's reputations; never took advantage of the weakness, or ignorance, or wants of any man whatever; and render no man evil for evil.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

In the 'N. Y. Observer' of Aug. 18th, I find the following note appended by the Editor to an article making some strictures upon our School Law, which prohibits the use of sectarian books in our schools. 'The law complained of was doubtless intended, at least by many of those who voted for it, not to prevent the instruction of children in religious truth, but to prevent the teaching of Unitarianism in the public schools, by the authority and at the expense of the state.'

Now in the first place the law was drafted by an Unitarian, and if its intention was to prevent the teaching of Unitarianism 'at the ex- of the state' it was a degree of liberality which would have been gladly welcomed from the Calvinists when the 'Assembly's Catechism' was taught in all our schools 'at the expense of the state' much to the annoyance of some people who did not confound a question from that, with a passage from the Bible. In the second place we are not aware that Unitarianism was ever taught or attempted to be taught in any school 'at the expense of the state.' We never have heard of any such instance. But we do know that Committees have ordered the Westminster Catechism taught, since that law was enacted. Now for whose benefit was this law enacted? Was it for those who were teaching their Catechisms in our schools, or for those who were attempting to do no such thing? Did the Unitarian who drafted that Bill, act a narrow or a generous part? Did the Committee who ordered the Catechism years after the law was passed act in a catholic or popish spirit.

Such scandals about Unitarians and Unitarianism are inculcated I hope ignorantly. But he, who through ignorance wrongs his neighbor, is bound, when reminded of his fault, to correct it.

R. P. S.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LECTURES TO FEMALES.

Mr. Editor,—The question is often asked, What is your opinion of the proposed course of Lectures to the ladies of this city by Mrs. Gove of Lynn? Our uniform answer has been, that a course of lectures like those proposed, cannot fail to be highly useful and acceptable if they are given by a competent and discreet lecturer. Every mother, every female indeed requires a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the human system more than a father of a family or any other of its members;—and yet they can receive no instruction of this kind, because there is a manifest impropriety in their attending upon the instructions of those who heretofore, alone, have been able to give it,—we mean Physicians, and individuals of the other sex. But now the difficulty in this respect, is removed. A *female* proposes to give a course of lectures on these subjects to mothers, and those of her own sex alone who choose to attend. Is she competent? Is she discreet? To these questions we answer yes, both. It seems that from a natural taste for the subject, and without any view to the practice of medicine, or the delivery of lectures, she has for years, made this subject one of constant and deep study, under the guidance, and with the assistance of able Physicians and scholars in different places where, in the providence of God, she has been called to reside. To aid her in this purpose, she has made the acquisition of a number of the languages, so that she is enabled to consult the best writers on these subjects, in the dead as well as some of the modern tongues. Her mastery of the subject is allowed to be very thorough, and her views sound and rational by some of our ablest Physicians. In her religious principles she belongs to the order of Friends, among whom she is distinguished for the purity of her character, and her talent for speaking and instruction. With these impressions, we are ready to say that as a lecturer she is fully competent, and there can be no fear of impropriety in her manner or language.

A CONSERVATIVE.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1838.

COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE.

This literary festival, which occurred on Wednesday last was kept with unusual spirit by the sons of Harvard, both old and young. The exercises of the graduating class were highly creditable to the performers, and were listened to with great attention by a very crowded and respectable audience. We have heard the remark made by persons, who, by their age and good taste are well qualified to be judges in the case, that there has not been, for many years, a more interesting Commencement. We hope the same opinion was prevalent amongst those who were present on the occasion. We would fain hear glad tidings from year to year of the progress of our venerable Alma Mater; and heartily rejoice in every glimpse of promise that bright days are in store for her—days when her sons shall manifest a deeper interest in all that concerns her usefulness and honor; and when her annual displays of her Jewels shall be far more extensive and worthy of admiration than it has lately or ever been. The following was the order of performances.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1. A salutatory Oration in Latin. Benjamin Franklin Atkins, Boston.
2. A Conference. "Achitecture, Music, and Poetry, as Expressions of National Character.' Wil-

liam Aspinwall, Brookline, Darius Richmond Brewer, Dorchester, Charles Devens, Cambridge.

3. An Essay. 'Habits of Virtue are not formed in Retirement.' Elijah Wyman Stearns, Bedford.

4. A Conference. 'The Influence of the Youth, Maturity, and Decline of a Nation, on the Character of its Poetry.' Nicholas Arthur Clarke, Exeter, N. H., Samuel Weld, Roxbury, William Ezra Worthen, Lowell.

5 A Conference. 'History and Political Economy as Guides in Legislation.' Benjamin Smith Rotch, New-Bedford, Edmund Burke Whitman, East-Bridgewater

6 A Poem. William Wetmore Story, Cambridge.

Music.

7. A Colloquy. 'The Comparative Influence of Public and Private Character.' Rufus King, Cincinnati, Ohio, Edward Augustus Renouf, Boston

8. A Literary Disquisition. 'The Most Popular Form of Biography.' Charles Woodman Scates, Dover, N. H.

9. A Colloquy. 'The Perpetuity of Literary Property considered as a Natural Right.' William Powell Mason Parkman, Boston, William Cutter Tenney, New-Market, N. H.

10. A Dissertation. 'The sensibility, which terminates in Imagination.' Edward Abiel Washburn, Boston.

11. A Philosophical Discussion. 'Which is most indebted to the other, Art or Science?' William Burley Howes, Salem, Benjamin White Whitney, Cambridge.

12. A Dissertation. 'The Neglect of Physical Education.' William Parsons Atkinson, Brookline.

Music.

13. A Political Discussion. 'Whether Sumptuary Laws are consistent with a Comprehensive and Enlightened Policy.' James Ivers Trecothick Coolidge, Boston, George Frederick Ware, Cambridge.

14 A Dissertation. 'Premature excitement of the Intellectual Powers.' Edward Forbes Barnes, Marlborough.

15. A Forensic Disputation. 'Whether the Poetry of Action, as exemplified in the Epic and the Drama, be suited to the Taste and Character of the Present Age.' William James Rotch, New Bedford, Amos Smith, Boston.

16. An English Oration. 'Aids to the Pursuit of Excellence.' George Warren Lippitt, Providence, R. I.

17. A Forensic Disputation. 'Whether Conscientious Scruples, in all Cases, should be held paramount to the Law of the Land.' James Robinson Pierce, Dorchester, James Lloyd Wellington, Templeton.

18 An English Oration. 'Intolerance towards the Infirmities of Genius.' Henry Lawrence Eustis, Charleston, S. C.

19. A Deliberate Discussion. 'Is the Want of a Literary Metropolis likely to be beneficial or Injurious to the Growth of a Native Literature?' Samuel Leonard Abbot, Boston, Nathan Hale, Boston.

Music.

20. An English Oration. 'Life in the Chivalrous Ages and in our own Time.' Rufus Ellis, Boston.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.

1. An Oration in English. 'Democracy's Banner.' Mr Charles Chauncy Shackford, Portsmouth, N. H.

2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin. Mr Frederick Augustus Eustis, Charleston, S. C.

A large number of gentlemen received the degree of A. M. in course, and also the degrees of Bachelor of Laws, and of Doctor of Medicine.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. James T. Austin, Hon. Samuel Hoar, and Hon. Leverett Saltonstall; and that of Doctor in Divinity on Rev. Abiel Abbott of Peterboro', N. H. and Rev. Thomas Robbins.

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI OF EXETER ACADEMY.

We have abridged from the Atlas an account of this delightful occasion.

We can readily conceive that it must have been a most spirit-stirring and refreshing celebration to all who enjoyed it; but the feelings of the venerable Preceptor, standing amidst the host of his grateful pupils crowned with such distinguished honor and affection, are beyond the power of imagination.

Dr Benjamin Abbott, the venerable principal of this Academy, having completed the fiftieth year of his preceptorship, and being now of advanced age, had determined to resign the situation which he had so long held. This determination having some time since been made public, a number of the Alumni of the institution resolved to take measures for paying to their venerable instructor some appropriate token of respect and gratitude. For this purpose a portrait of Dr Abbot, painted by Harding in his best style, has been procured and presented to the trustees to be preserved in the hall of the Academy. It was further determined to have a meeting of the Alumni at Exeter, on the day of the usual annual exhibition and a public dinner.

The total number of the students in the school, since its formation, exceeds two thousand, of whom almost the whole have been pupils of Dr Abbot—he having become the head of the institution within a few years after it was founded.

About four hundred of these students were present upon this occasion.

In the forenoon a meeting was held in the Academy yard. The Hon. Daniel Webster was chosen to preside over the proceedings of the day. The assembly was then addressed from the porticoes of the Academy, by Mr Webster, Mr Saltonstall, Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. Gov. Everett, Jonathan Chapman, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Palfrey of Harvard University.

The Alumni then adjourned to the hall of the Academy, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens, where the portrait above alluded to, was placed for exhibition, and where Dr Abbot was ready to receive his former pupils, and take them by the hand. The meeting between the venerable preceptor and his grateful scholars, was extremely affecting.

After dinner Mr Webster addressed the audience in some general remarks upon the subject of education, and then turning to Dr Abbot, presented him in the name of his assembled pupils, with a handsome piece of plate intended to be preserved in the Doctor's family as a memorial of the present occasion. The remarks with which this presentation were accompanied were of an extremely felicitous character, and were listened to by the audience with the most strict attention. Dr Abbot being too feeble to be heard by so large an assembly, his reply, which was simple, appropriate and affecting, was read by Governor Everett of Massachusetts.

The meeting was afterwards addressed by a large number of gentlemen; several songs written for the occasion were sung; and much mirth and good fellowship prevailed. Among the speeches, none attracted more attention than the remarks of the venerable Jeremiah Smith, president of the board of trustees, and formerly Chief Justice and Governor of the State. His position was different he said from that of any of the rest of the company,—they were all pupils of Dr Abbot, whereas, he had been his instructor. It appeared that Judge Smith had been an assistant teacher in Andover Academy, at the time Dr Abbot left that institution to enter Harvard College.

It is the intention of the committee of arrangements, on behalf of the alumni, to found a scholarship in Harvard University, to be called the *Abbot Scholarship*, and to be always filled by a worthy graduate of the Exeter Academy, as a perpetual memorial of their respect for their venerable preceptor.

The following song was written for the occasion by Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.

SONG.

Tune—'*Sandy and Jenny.*'

From the highways and byways of manhood we come,
And gather like children about our old home;
We return from life's weariness, tumult and pain,
Rejoiced in our hearts to be school-boys again.

The Senator comes from the hall of debate,
The Governor steps from the high chair of State,
The Judge leaves the bench to the law's wise delay,
Rejoiced to be school-boys again for a day.

The Parson his pulpit has left unsupplied,
The Doctor has put his old sulky aside,
The Lawyer his client has turned from the door,
And all are at Exeter—school-boys once more.

O glad to our eyes are these dear scenes displayed,
The halls where we studied, the fields where we strayed;
There is change, there is change, but we will not deplore—
Enough that we feel ourselves school-boys once more.

Enough that once more our old master we meet,
The same as of yore, when we sat at his feet;
Let us place on his brow every laurel, we've won,
And show that each pupil is also a son.

And when to the harsh scenes of life we return,
Our hearts with the glow of this meeting shall burn,
Its calm light shall cheer till earth's school time is o'er,
And prepare us in Heaven for one meeting more.

PHI BETA KAPPA, AT CAMBRIDGE.

The Society assembled at the Church at half past twelve. As usual there was a thronged and splendid assemblage awaiting the arrival of the procession. Indeed, there is probably no other occasion, which draws together so many of the most highly gifted and accomplished minds of the community, as the Anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa.

The meeting, was opened by an appropriate prayer by Rev. Wm. Ware.

The Oration by Rev. Caleb Stetson of Medford was forcible and witty. The subject was the Utilitarian spirit and tendency of the age, which was set off in bold coloring, by various apt illustrations, and by good humored yet keen satire. It was happily adapted to the times and to the audience and will doubtless exert in the main a liberal and wholesome influence.

The Poem was by Mr J. W. Richmond.

I HAVE NO INFLUENCE.

While on the point of ransacking our dull brains for some word to fill up a vacant square, our eye chanced to glance upon the following paragraph in an exchange paper; and as it is our principle never to give any thoughts a place in our columns merely because they are our own, when any thing that we like better can be readily furnished at second hand—therefore we now cheerfully crawl into our shell and rest while another stands forth and teaches.

If every christian would faithfully employ the influence which he has, be it more or less, in favor of the cause of his Savior, we should soon hear of the *salvation* of the world, instead of its *salvability*—we should soon hear the joyful report, 'the world *is* saved,' instead of the painful question, '*Can* the world be saved?'

A short time since, a christian brother invited me to co-operate with him in a benevolent enterprise, in which he was about to engage. I objected on the ground of my want of influence, and inability to do any thing of importance. He appeared disappointed, and remarked as we separated, 'If the Prophet had commanded you to do some *great* thing would you have refused?' Upon opening my Bible a few days after, I discovered the following lines. They were placed there by my friend, and the beautiful reproof that the words contained, affected and interested me so much, that I could not forbear sending them to you, with the hope that the perusal of them, simple as they are, may stimulate some one to engage in 'some high or humble enterprise of good.'

What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I,
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if a shining beam of noon,
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not *each rain drop* help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And *every ray of light* to warm
And beautify the flower?

Southern Churchman.

A SUBSTANTIAL MEMENTO.

At the meeting of the class of 1829 on the evening of Commencement day, a circumstance occurred which we cannot forbear to mention, as it indicates the spirit of genuine friendship which is entertained by the members of our class towards each other: and which, we think, class meetings are eminently calculated to awaken and foster.

The absent brothers being inquired after, and their works recounted, it was mentioned that Rev. J. F. Clarke, of Louisville Ky, had been manfully struggling to support his periodical—the Western Messenger. It was instantly, unanimously agreed upon that every member should add his name on the spot to the List of subscribers—which was accordingly done, and brother Clarke will receive in a few days, a letter from the Secretary of the class enclosing he pay for twenty two new subscribers to his valuable work.

THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER.

This periodical formerly edited with considerable merit by Rev. Mr Beard of Manchester, England, has passed out of his hands and is now conducted by Rev. Mr Thom of Liverpool, who has changed it from a monthly to a quarterly Journal.

Mr Thom is a highly accomplished man, and with the help of Mr Martineau of Liverpool and Mr. Taylor of Manchester, and others, will probably make the Teacher a work of much interest and usefulness.

Williams College. The Commencement at Williams college took place on the 15th inst. An oration was delivered before the literary societies the evening before, by Rev. Dr. Vermilye, of Albany. The oration before the Alumni was delivered by the Rev. Orville Dewey, of New York.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on about twenty-five young men, and that of A. M. on eight.

The exercises of the day were highly creditable to the insitution. The address of Rev Mr. Dewey was distinguished both for its elegant style of composition, and for the forcible manner of its delivery.

The prospects of the College are highly encouraging—about twenty have already entered the Freshman class.

Rev. Dr. Vermilye, of Albany, and Henry L. Sabin, of Williamstown, were elected Trustees of the Institution.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

HELEN ANNE HALE.

Died in this city, August 16th, Helen Anne Hale, daughter of the late Mr David Hale of this city, aged 24 years.

At the age of 15 she publicly dedicated herself to the service of God, since which time her life has been consistent so far as mortal eye can discern. Naturally retiring and modest, her real worth could not be known, and out of regard to this part of her character, will not here be portrayed. Her health had been feeble for several years past, and during a confinement of 7 months, gradually wasting away with *consumption*, she manifested entire patience and resignation to the divine will. But during the few last weeks of her life she was more evidently preparing for her departure, setting her affections heavenward; she frequently expressed a longing to depart; but checked herself remarking, 'Behold we count them happy which endure.' 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.'

On the day of her death, she herself *first* gave intimation of approaching dissolution, and expressed happiness and even triumph, with sweet reliance on the mercy of the Redeemer—Occasionally breathing forth the emotions of her soul, she continued in this happy frame till her voice could be heard no longer—and soon after this had ceased, without a struggle or a groan, she 'fell asleep.'

INTELLIGENCE.

Opening of the Eastern Railroad.—The Eastern Railroad was opened yesterday with the customary ceremonies. At noon the Stockholders and invited guests, resident in Boston, assembled at East Boston Ferry, and were conveyed to the railroad depot at East Boston, where they were met by the Stockholders and invited guests from Salem. The company, numbering nearly five hundred, were soon seated in the sixteen cars, belonging to the proprietors, which were divided into three trains, moved by beautiful locomotives, manufactured at Lowell, and called the Suffolk, Essex, and Merrimack. They proceeded leisurely, at the distance of half a mile from each other, over the embankment which connects East Boston with Chelsea Beach, and, crossing Saugus river on a long and substantial bridge of costly workmanship, continued the course along to the depot at Lynn, at the foot of the principal street, where the roads to Nahant and Marblehead diverge. A serious disappointment was felt at Lynn; the cars being so full that there was no room for the Stockholders and invited guests resident in that town. After a short delay the trains proceeded on to Salem, crossing a bridge which extends over a branch of the harbor, and stopping at the terminus near the market house, in the centre of the city. Trains of cars were immediately despatched for the guests at Lynn, and returned in half an hour with a portion only of them, who were not so much offended, as the rest, at an unavoidable accident. After this short delay, the company repaired to the spacious room in the passenger depot house, where six tables, each extending the length of the room—nearly 130 feet—were spread with a bountiful collation.

The Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, Mayor of Salem, presided, and opened the *business* of the meeting with an eloquent and pertinent speech. He was followed by Mr Geo. Peabody, President of the Corporation who commenced by reading an extract from old John Endicott's letter to Gov. Winthrop, showing the difficulty and hardship of the journey from Salem to Boston. He also quoted the account of Winthrop's journey to Salem on foot, (a day's travel to Saugus, and the remainder of the journey to Salem finished the next day) and concluded a long and happy address by proposing as a sentiment,

The City of Boston: the chief ornament of New England. The public spirit of her inhabitants placed her on that eminence she now occupies, to the honor of the whole country. It is the wish of every citizen of the State that her welfare may continue undiminished, and her prosperity go on increasing.

Mr Eliot, Mayor of Boston, responded, and alluding felicitously to the constant drain of the metropolis upon Essex county, for the brightest ornaments of both—the Putnams, Pickerings, Bowditches, Lowells, Jacksons, Parsonses, &c—gave,

The Eastern Railroad: permanent as it is in its structure and material, may it be less durable than the ties of friendship which bind together the cities of Boston and Salem.

Mr Saltonstall replied and gave:

This day: the day which opens the railroad and annihilates space between Boston and Salem. May it not merge one in the other, but conduce to the prosperity of both.

The Rev Dr Flint being called on, offered,

Railroads: the strong clamps which are destined to bind together with ribs of steel the whole of this great country: may they be multiplied and extended till they have cemented this Union beyond the possibility of severance

The President of the Corporation gave:

The old State of Massachusetts: a noble monument of what may be done by industry and enterprise. If her soil refuses to produce good crops, it yields a bountiful harvest of good men.

General Sumner, referred to the continuation of the road eastward, as a matter beyond question; and 'onward,' was the shout, in response. The audience hardly seemed to consider it an undue stretch of the imagination in Gen S. to anticipate a time, when, through Portsmouth, Portland, Eastport, St. Andrews, Valencia and Dublin, the passenger from Europe would reach New York by way of Salem in as short a time as by the direct route from Bristol. In allusion to the common objection to the East Boston termination, and the Gut of Canso, he gave,

The Eastern Railroad: May it have a ferry at both ends.

Many other gentlemen made short speeches and proposed toasts, and the company separated, after a delightful day of festivity and good feeling, at 6 o'clk, and the Boston guests returned over the road in forty-five minutes.

The Exploring Squadron.—The Norfolk Herald says—

The officers are all on board, and in fine spirits, elate with the anticipations of the peaceful triumphs, not less worthy of the wreath of fame than those of 'grim visaged war,' which await the successful results of scientific research, achieved with greater peril and hardship; and admitting the truth of the old adage, that 'a bad beginning may have a good ending,' they have a glorious prospect of success to their expedition.

The squadron now consists of the sloop-of-war Vincennes, Lieut. Wilkes, commanding the squadron; ship Relief, Lieut. Long; sloop-of war Peacock, Lieut. Hudson; brig Porpoise, Lieut. Ringgold; schooner Flying Fish, Passed Midshipman Knox, and schooner Sea Gull, Passed Midshipman Reid. The schooners are pilot boat built, and of the rise of 100 tons. The sloops-of-war are nearly on the peace establishment, showing only eight guns each.

Gold and Silver Coinage.—The Globe states that the golden Eagle is about to make its appearance again in our land. Directions have been given by the Treasury Department of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia, to have the dies prepared for this coin, and the stamping of it commenced with all convenient despatch. The coinage of the eagle ceased in 1805, because (says the Globe) the erroneous standard of our gold caused it to be exported almost as fast as it was struck. The exhibits of the Mint show that upwards of $1,300,000 of this coin were struck; and where are they now? All gone to England! Not one to be seen in the United States; and probably there are many persons in the United States who are thirty years old, and who never saw the gold eagle of our coinage. There cannot now be less than $25,000,000 of gold in the country, and there is scarcely a town or village in which more or less of it may not be obtained.

The mint at Philadelphia, it is stated, has been much engaged in the coinage of silver, for the last six years. This work is to be continued and extended until a national supply of silver is effected. In fulfilment of this plan, instructions have been issued to the superintendent of the Mint at New-Orleans to attend to this branch of the coinage, and to keep the establishment in a condition to answer all calls for change. The convenience of transportation on the great western waters will enable all banks and all citizens, so disposed, to supply themselves from that quarter; so that in a few years, the great valley of the Mississippi will be thoroughly supplied with silver change.—*Courier.*

EDUCATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.—It is stated in the Philadelphia National Gazette that since the passage of the act making appropriations to Female Seminaries of maintaining one or more teachers capable of giving instruction in the Greek and Roman classics, mathematics, etc., about thirty of these institutions have been incorporated by the Legislature in the different counties of the State. In the cities and counties in which colleges receive appropriations, academies and female seminaries are excluded.

The wheat crop in the interior of Michigan has been excellent although the Marshall Republican says the warm dry weather while ripening, caused the kernel to shrink a little. At Battle Creek the citizens are grinding for exportation, and think that between 200 or 300 barrels can be taken down the Kalamazoo to its mouth at a load. They expect to get it transported from the mouth of the river to Buffalo for 25 cents per barrel.

The Indians.—When we consider the disgraceful and unprincipled means by which the Cherokees have been driven from their homes, and the faithless and cruel treatment which the Indians of the South have generally received from our hands, as a people, of late years, is it surprising that we should hear of plans of union, and of consolidation of power among them, for their own protection from further aggressions and wrongs? This we are led to say, in reference to the following article from the Missouri Republican of Aug. 14th.

Important from the Western Frontier.—We are informed that an important despatch has been forwarded by Major Mason, of Port Gibson, to General Gaines, the commander of that division. The substance of this communication is, that the Cherokees have built a council-house, said to be considerably larger than any heretofore erected by any tribe. They have sent messengers, with the black and red wampum, to all the tribes from the Red River to the Sacs and Foxes on the Mississippi—omitting only the Kansas and Osages—inviting them to meet in council at the Cherokee council-house in September next. The movement is believed to be but an incipient step to farther difficulties, and made with a view of enlisting and uniting all the tribes along the frontier in such measures as may be adopted. They have proceeded with great caution and secrecy in the measure, and have endeavored to keep all their proceedings from the agents and the officers of the post. The time proposed for holding the council is sufficiently late to admit of the emigrating Cherokees reaching their country. All the information elicited goes to confirm the opinion expressed some time ago by Gen. Arbuckle, of the hostile intentions of several of the tribes, though it is not believed that any movement is intended by them until the opening of spring.

From the Correspondence of the Delaware Gazette, dated Washington, June 29, 1838.

THE PULASKI.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents connected with that awful disaster, are related to us by those who have seen and conversed with persons saved from the wreck. Amongst others the following is told of a Mr Ridge from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow from one of the Southern States, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day about fifty miles from the land. It is stated of the gentleman that he had been sitting on the deck alone, for half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman who was walking near him at the time of the explosion was thrown overboard, and himself was percipitated nearly over the side of the boat and stunned. He recovered immediately as he supposed, when he heard some one remark '*get out the boats—she is sinking.*' He was not acquainted with a single individual in the boat. Under such circumstances it is natural to suppose he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it, when he discovered a young lady, whom he recognized as one whose appearance had sundry times arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who was walking on deck and blown overboard. He sprang towards her to take her into the small boat, but in the crowd and confusion he lost sight of her, and he supposed she was with some other friend. During his fruitless search the small boat shoved off. The wreck was fast sinking. Night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope like the expiring spark brightened again. He caught up the rope—lashed together a couple of settees—threw upon them a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and thus equipped launched upon the pathless element. It was all the work of a moment. He believed death inevitable, and that effort was the last grasp at life. His *vessel* bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his *ark*—swam twice his length—seized his object and returned safely to his craft again, which proved sufficient to sustain them both with their head and shoulders only above water. The female was the young lady for whom he had lost a passage in the small boat. She fancied their float was unable to support them both, and said to him 'you will have to let me go to save yourself.' He replied 'we live or we die together.' Soon after they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of some floor or partition, torn asunder by the explosion. This with the aid of the settees, fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of water. About this time one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded. He implored them to take in the young lady. But she said no, she could but die—he had saved her life, and she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate—the young lady in her night clothes, and himself with nothing upon him but his shirt and a thin pair of pataloons, already much torn. Of the boat which bore them all in quiet and safety an hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattering pieces of a wreck. The small boats were on their way towards the shore—their own craft being light, and lightly loaded, drifted fast away from a scene indescribably heart-rending, and which he still shudders to think of. At day-light nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of waters. In the course of the day they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it,—but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after daylight next morning, it vanished again, and with it all their lively hopes of escaping from their dreadful dilemma. On the third day a sail hove in sight—but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found they were sadly burned by the sun—starved, and exhausted, though still in possession of their faculties, and able to move and talk.

But their pain and suffering was not without its pleasure and enjoyment. The romantic part of the story of their expedition is yet to come, and there's no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same *food*, which seems to have aided at least in sustaining them so well such an incredible length of time.

The intrepidity he displayed—the risk he run—the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the eminent hazard of his own, elicited with her, at once, the warmest and strongest feelings of gratitude towards him, and before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion which burns no where else as it burns in woman's bosom. On the other hand, her good sense, her fortitude and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with him the fate which awaited them, excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor defered. And there, upon the 'waters wild,' amid the terrors which surrounded, and the fate which threatened them, in presence only of an All-seeing One, did they pledge their mutual love, and declare if their lives were spared, their destiny which misfortune had united should be made as inseparable, as escape from it was now impossible. After their rescue he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprize her that by the misfortune which had befallen them he had lost every dollar he possessed on earth, (amounting to about $25,000) that he was in 'poverty to his very lips'—a beggar amongst strangers, without the means of paying for a single meal of victuals, and painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of a separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world to drive them to more desperate extremity than that which they had suffered together? He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again,—and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt in finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement, which it is said is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact that his lady love, who is represented to be about nineteen years of age, beautiful and accomplished, is heiress to an estate worth at least two hundred thousand dollars. Who would not be shipwrecked, and hence forth who will say 'matches are *not* made in Heaven.

NOTICE.

The semi-annual meeting of the Worcester Sunday School Association will be held at Leominster on Tuesday the 4th day of September next. The members of the Association are requested to meet at Balch's Tavern in Leominster, at 11 o'clock A. M. on that day. The public services in the Meeting house will commence at one o'clock P. M.

C. LINCOLN, *Sec'y.*

August 28, 1838.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

It is open to all who may be in want of Unitarian Books and Tracts for distribution; and the Directors would inform such persons that they will be supplied gratis, on application as above. Besides the monthly tracts issued by the Unitarian Association, the Depository is supplied with various other treatises in defence of Liberal Christianity; and friends at a distance who write for them will be promptly supplied. Address David Reed, Publisher of the Christian Register.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Alexander H. Jennings, Jr. to Miss Ann S. Davis.

In Charlestown, Mr George J. Brown to Miss Lydia D. daughter of Capt. L. Turner.

In Roxbury, Mr Andrew Jackson, of Boston, to Miss Mary Eliza Randall, of R.; Mr Obed Pulcher, of Gloucester, to Miss Rebecca H. Randall, of R.

In Pittsfield, Mr Dummer Sewel to Miss Phebe Higgins.

In Dover, N. H., Mr George W. Pinkham, of W. Cambridge, to Miss Dorothy Littlefield, of D.

In Columbus, Ohio, 17th inst. Mr Thomas Fricker, aged 75, to Miss Mary Fetterly, aged 27.

DEATHS.

In this city, Abner H. Bowman Foster, son of Mr Matthias S. Foster, 7.

Of consumption, Miss Sarah Ann Fenno, 28.

In this city, on Sunday evening, Pardon C. Greene, Esq. late merchant at Key West, Florida, 47.

In this city 18 inst. Miss Mary H. P. Hall, of Westford, 21.

In Westford, 25 inst. Dea. Samuel Fletcher 85.

The deceased was the last survivor of 14 children, nine of whom lived to the average age of 80.

In Charlestown, Mrs Eliza Carter, 39.

In Duxbury, on Tuesday evening last, Samuel A. Frazar, Esq 73—a citizen highly esteemed and respected by a large circle of friends.

In Easton 24 inst. much lamented, Abby Maria, daughter of Cyrus Lothrop, Esq. 22.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

HOMEWARD BOUND, by Cooper
Carlyle's Miscellanies, 2 vols
De Tocqueville's Democracy
Dewey's Sermons, volume 2d
Cary on the Credit System
Bancroft's History of the United States, new edition
Wonders of the Heavens, by Bradford
Burton on the Sieges, by Ingraham
Letters from Rome
Letters from Palmyra, new edition
Calderon, by Bulwer
Young Lady's Aid, by Rev J. Whitman
Sketches by Quiz
do by Boz
Mrs Gilman's Poetry of Travelling
Turner's Sacred History, 3d volume
Ticknor's Medical Philosophy
Humphrey's Foreign Tour
Fisk's Travels in Europe
Tales of the Day, vol 1
Athenian Captive, by Talfourd
Woman's Wit, by J. S Knowles. &c. &c.

For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington & School sts. s 1

STEVENS'S NEW WORK.—Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland, by the author of 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land.' With a Map and Engravings. 2 vols 12mo.

For sale at TICKNOR'S.
sept 1

ACADEMICAL CLASS BOOKS.

SPELLING.—Emerson's National Spelling Book, and Introduction to do.

READING.—Worcester's series, viz. A Primer of the English Language; the Second Book of Reading and Spelling; the Third Book of do and do.; the Fourth Book of Reading

ARITHMETIC.—Parley's, Emerson's North American Arithmetic, Parts 1. 2, and 3, and Key; Walsh's Mercantile, and Grund's Exercises and Key.

ALGEBRA.—Grund's Exercises and Key, and Grund's Algebraic Problems, &c.

HISTORY—Parley's Book of the United States; do First, Second and Third Books; the Historical Class Book, Hildreth's Views of the United States, and Sequel to do; Outlines of Chronology, ancient and modern

GEOGRAPHY.—Goodrich's Outlines of Geography and Atlas; do Universal Geography; Woodbridge's Geographical Copy Book; Blake's Geography for Children.

ASTRONOMY.—Grund's Popular Astronomy; Parley's Sun, Moon and Stars.

CHEMISTRY.—Grund's Elements of Chemistry, stereotype edition.

PHILOSOPHY.—Abbott's Little Philosopher; Grund's Elements of Philosophy. Sullivan's Moral Class Book.

CEOMETRY.—Holbrook's Easy Lessons; Grund's Plane and Solid Geometry.

WRITING.—Noyes's System of Penmanship; Marshall's Writing Books, 4 parts.

BOOK-KEEPING.—Walsh's Book-keeping; Marshall's Public School Account Book, 2 parts.

DICTIONARIES.—Worcester's Comprehensive, and do Elementary; Johnson's and Walker's improved by Todd.

The Political Class Book, Frost's Grammar, Russell's Lessons in Enunciation, Child's Botany.

Teachers, School Committees, &c, are requested to give the above books an examination.

Published by G. W. PALMER & CO.
School Book Publishers, 121 Washington st.
sept 1

STEVENS'S TRAVELS.—Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land, by an American, with a Map and Engravings. Sixth edition, with additions. In two vols 12mo.

Just received and for sale by
s 1 JAMES MUNROE & CO.

IN PRESS.

H. P. NICHOLS & CO. have in press, and will shortly publish, a second edition of MIRIAM, by the author of Joanna of Naples—revised.
sept 1

WAYLAND'S HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY.—The Limitations of Human Responsibility. By Francis Wayland. Second edition.
H. P. NICHOLS & CO.
s 1 147 Washington st.

MUSICAL WORKS.—Mason's Musical Manual; Porter's Musical Cyclopedia; First Steps to Thorough Bass; Dr Callcott's Musical Grammar; Boston Academy's Collection, Handel and Haydn Choir, by Lowell Mason; Boston Academy Choruses and Anthems; The Odeon, by Mason and Webb; Kingsley's Choirs, vols 1 and 2; Gardner's Music of Nature, 8vo; Ancient Lyre, Sabbath School Harp, Juvenile Singing School, by Mason, &c.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
s 1 121 Washington st.

THE MISSES GROVE'S SCHOOL.

THE Autumn term will commence on Monday, Sept. 3d. Pupils unable to attend at the beginning of the term, may be admitted between the hours of nine and twelve on Mondays and Wednesdays.

The Misses Grove wish to receive four young ladies into their family as boarders, to whose moral and intellectual improvement they will devote their constant attention. Daily exercise in the open air, accompanied by an Instructress, will be insisted upon.

Cards of terms &c. may be obtained on application to the Rev. Dr. Stone, Boston; to the Rev. T. H. Vail, Cambridge; or to the ladies themselves at their residence, 9 Winter street.

Sept. 1.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF SOCRATES—A Lecture delivered before the Athenian Institute, Philadelphia By Rev. G. W. Bethune.
s 1 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

PARLEY'S Geography—Olney's Geography and Atlas—Webster's Spellings—Smith's Arithmetic—Day's Algebra—Adams's Arithmetic—Smith's Grammar—Webster's 8vo and School Dictionaries—with a general assortment of School Books, for sale, wholesale and retail, by
WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
s 1 121 Washington st.

NEW WORK ON CIVILIZATION.—General History of Civilization in Europe, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. Translated from the French of M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction, &c. From the second English edition.
s 1 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

WAYLAND'S HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY—second edition, this day received by
s 1 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

BEAUTIFUL EDITIONS, in splendid bindings, of Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, Moore, Pope, Burns, Coleridge, Shelly and Keates; Aiken's British Poets; Rogers's Italy; Hume, Smollet and Miller's History of England; Goldsmith's Animated Nature; Miss Edgeworth's Works; Milton's Paradise Lost; Johnson's Works; Boswell's Life of Johnson; Bulwer's and Marryatt's Works.

For sale at TICKNOR'S.
s 1

BANCROFT'S HISTORY of the United States, 2 vols—for sale at
s 1 TICKNOR'S.

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA, complete in 13 vols—edited by Dr Lieber.
For sale at TICKNOR'S.
s 4

BLANK BOOKS, Paper, Quills, Ink, &c &c.—A good assortment of Stationary, English and American, for sale at
s 1 TICKNOR'S.

WILLIAM TELL, a Drama, in five acts—from the German of Schiller.
Just published, for sale by
s 1 H. P. NICHOLS, & CO.

HINTS TO YOUNG TRADESMEN, and Maxims for Merchants—1 vol 12mo, 96 pages; price 31 cents. Just published, and for sale by
s 1

PROSPECTUS.

A HISTORY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY having been prepared by President Quincy and presented by him to the Corporation of the College, to be disposed of in whatever way they should deem most for the benefit of the Seminary, they have determined to publish the same by subscription, and to devote the proceeds to the increase of its beneficiary funds.

The work will contain a civil, ecclesiastical, literary and financial history of Harvard University, during two centuries from its foundation, with biographical notice of all its principle benefactors, so far as any account of them can be obtained, and an Appendix containing important documents illustrative of the work, and a full account of the Centennial Celebration in 1836. It will be ornamented with engravings, representing general views of the College buildings, in their ancient and present state, and such of its public halls as possess any particular historical interest.

The work will be published in two octavo volumes, containing at least five hundred pages each, printed in the best style of Folsom, Wells, & Thurston, at the University Press, and delivered to subscribers, in elegant cloth binding, for *two dollors and fifty cents* a volume.

The publisher having also relinquished all compensation for his services, subscribers may be assured that the entire net proceeds will be devoted exclusively to funds designed to assist indigent students in the University.

THOMAS W. WARD, *Tr. Harv. Coll.*
aug 25

CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE next term of the Charlestown Female Seminary will commence on Monday, the 3d day of September next, and continue until the Thursday preceding the annual Thanksgiving.

Terms of Tuition.

For English branches,	$7	Per Term.
" Languages, each	2	
" Drawing,	2	
" Music,	7	

Board in the Seminary House, is charged at cost, and will probably be from $1,75 to $2 per week, including washing.

During the past term, the average of Board has been only $1,70.

JOSEPH CARTER, Sec. pro tem.
Charlestown, July 24, 1838. j28 6t

GOOD BOOKS CHEAP.

THE remaining copies of the following valuable books, published under the direction of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety and Charity, will now be sold at the following reduced prices, viz:

The Nature and Design of a Christian Church. By the late Rev. Joseph Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. Fourth edition. With Remarks on the Lord's Supper, by another hand—20 cts.

The Biography of Distinguished Reformers, and History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century—25 cts.

Dissertations and Discourses on the Evidences and Spirit of Christianity—20 cts.

Meditations for the Afflicted, Sick and Dying—25 cents.

Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, A. D. 1697, to which is added an account of the Author's Journey to the banks of the Euphrates at Beer, and to the Country of Mesopotamia. First American edition, with corrections—37 cts.

The above volumes were edited by Rev. Mr Allen, Dr Lowell, Dr Ripley, Dr Bancroft, and Rev. Mr Greenwood. The Biography of Reformers, and Maundrell's Journey, will be found valuable books for Sunday School Teachers.

For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street.
au 18

BILLERICA ACADEMY.

THE Fall term of this Academy will commence on Wednesday, Sept 6.

A few scholars can obtain Board in the family with the Preceptor. T. RICE, Preceptor.
au 25 3t

EMERSON'S ADDRESS.—An Address delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Sunday evening, 15th July, 1838. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. This day published, and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO.
au 25

SEWALL'S SERMON.—A further supply of Sewall's Sermon preached at Scituate on Lord's Day, May 29, 1838. Price 12 1

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'The Lord is nigh to those of a broken heart, and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.'—*Holy Writ.*

Nigh, in that hour of secret grief,
When anguish bows the head,
To whisper pardon and relief,
And healing oil to shed.

Nigh in the covenant of his love,
Traced on the sacred page,
Which points us to our home above—
Our heavenly heritage.

A broken heart!—its low-breathed sighs,
Its scarcely uttered prayer,
Shall to a Father's ear arise,
And meet with mercy there.

And though full oft, our wandering feet
Guilt's thorn-strowed path have trod,
Jesus the contrite heart shall meet,
And turn it to its God.

New glory from His throne of light
Shall beam its cheering ray;
For oft the deepest shade of night
Heralds the brightest day.

Taunton. Y. L. E.

(From the Christian Statesman.)

'THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART THERE IS NO GOD.'—*Psalm* 14

'No God! No God!' The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
'No God!' astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist-lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.
High swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opes his mouth,
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread-fruit, bending to its lord,
In yon far island-glade;
The winged seeds, that borne by winds
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

'No God!' With indignation high
The fervent Sun is stirred,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty. L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn, July 4, 1838.

LINES BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

The night is come: like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away;
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon: for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes.
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with thee:
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again.
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

This is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep. After which I close my eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.—*From Sir T. Browne's Religio Medici.*

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping,
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream
Broke not the spell which bound him,
Like music breathing, in his dream,
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view,
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from heaven may borrow;
And such was this—a scene so fair
Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one pure being resting there,
One soul of radiant whiteness!

What happy dreams, fair child, are given,
To cast their sunshine o'er thee?
What cord unites thy soul to heaven,
Where visions glide before thee?
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth
O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth
Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

Sleep, lovely babe!—for time's cold touch
Shall make these visions wither;
Youth, and the dreams which charm so much,
Shall fade and fly together.
Then sleep! while sleep is pure and mild,
Ere earthly ties grow stronger,
When thou shalt be no more a child;
And dream of heaven no longer.

It matters little at what hour of day
The righteous fall asleep Death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ACTUAL SCENE AFTER BATTLE.

The battle of Soldin, between the Russians and the king of Prussia, was warmly contested; and after it was over, a clergyman went upon the ground, and afterward wrote the following account of what he saw:—

'At one o'clock the cannonading ceased, and I went out on foot to Soldin to learn in whose favor the battle had turned. Toward evening seven hundred Russian fugitives came to Soldin. It was a pitiful sight; some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing; others praying and praising the king of Prussia, without hats or clothes, some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up; some dragging along by the stirrups, and others by the tails of the horses.

'When the battle was decided, and victory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading had been. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed toward me. I mounted him; and on my way for *seven miles and a half* on this side of the field of battle I found the dead and wounded lying on the ground, and sadly cut in pieces. The farther I advanced the more these poor creatures lay heaped one upon another.

'That scene I never shall forget. The Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, *'Water! dear sir, water! water!'* Gracious God, what a sight! men, women, and children, Russians and Prussians, carriages and horses, oxen, chests, and baggage, all lying upon one another to the height of a man; seven villages all around me in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred or thrown into the fire.

'The poor wounded soldiers were still firing at one another in the greatest exasperation. The field of battle was a plain two and a half miles long, entirely covered with dead and wounded! There was not room to set my foot without treading on some of them. Several brooks were so filled up with Russians, that they lay heaped one upon another as high as ten or twelve feet, and appeared like hills to the even ground.

'I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, "Sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy; pray show me some compassion and dispatch me at once.'"

Just reflect for a moment on the spirit of those combatants. Even in death they retained their insatiable thirst for revenge, and kept 'firing at one another in the greatest exasperation.' Here is the genuine spirit of war. Is it like that of the Gospel? Do we find it commended in the Sermon on the Mount? Yet war never did, never will, never can exist without it. Mark also the murderous desire of the officer—a suicide in *purpose*.

Can *such* a murderer have eternal life? Yet this is the mildest form of the war spirit.—*New York Observer.*

QUAKER ECONOMY.

A judge, on a journey fell in company with a Quaker. 'Sir,' said the judge, 'how is it that you Quakers always have fat horses, and money in your pockets?'

Quaker. By and by I will tell thee.

Shortly after they arrived at a tavern. The judge called for a glass of bitters, and urged the Quaker to drink; but he refused, saying, I have no need. He then called for two quarts of oats for his horse, and the Quaker for four for his.

Quaker. Now I will tell thee, we drink no spirits at the tavern. How much didst thou pay for the bitters?

Judge. Sixpence.

Q. How much for the oats?

J. Sixpence.

Q. My oats cost me ninepence; and what good did the bitters do thee?

J. They procured me an appetite.

Q. Abstinence gives me an appetite. Thus you see that we spend no more than thou, and our horses are fat. But I have not done with thee yet. I see silver buckles on thy shoes. How much did they cost?

J. Nine dollars.

Q. How long hast thou had them?

J. Eight years.

Q. Do they answer any better than my strings?

J. No.

Q. With nine dollars we should have bought live stock, and at the expiration of five years we should have had fifteen head of cattle. Here, thou seest, we can have money in our pocket. Instead of wearing silver on our shoes, we have leather strings.

[From the Newark Advertiser.]

ENCOURAGEMENT TO MAKE A BEGINNING.

There is something pleasant in the anecdote which Boswell relates concerning Dr Johnson and a boy who rowed him down the Thames. The two friends were conversing upon the use of learning, when Johnson said, 'This boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.' He then called to the boy 'What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?' 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I would give what I have.' Johnson was much pleased with his answer and gave him a double fare Dr Johnson then turned to his companion, and said, 'Sir, the desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has, to get knowledge.'

This truth is manifest, and I am persuaded that many thousands of workingmen would be engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, if it were not for their ignorance of the way to set about it, and their magnifying the difficulties of the task. When a *determination to learn* exists, the man will succeed; no matter what method he takes. The Greek proverb says, *Love learning and you will get learning.* Set about it—at once—at any subject—with any book—and you will not fail. Not that I would undervalue regular system. Method is invaluable, and a methodical man will do twice as much in a day as his neighbor, just as a good packer will put twice as much into a trunk. Yet the most untoward beginnings if followed up, will end in something. If a man were bent on clearing a certain forest, it would undoubtedly be best for him to observe some order, and go forward in such a way that the trees should not fall over each other, or obstruct his road; yet if he should neglect this and begin any where, and work in any way, provided he continued moving, he could not fail in time to accomplish his work. I make this observation for the encouragement of those who are disheartened by the want of any directions, and by ignorance of the way to begin.

THE BLACKSMITH.

A gentleman by the name of Wilson passed late one evening by the shop of a blacksmith; he heard the sound of his hammer, and stopped to ask the reason why he worked so much beyond his usual time.

'I am not at work for myself,' said the blacksmith, 'but for one of my poor neighbors, whose cottage was burned down last week; he has lost every thing. I mean to work an hour earlier in the morning, and two hours later at night, for him. This is all I can do to help him, for I have to earn bread for my family; but provisions are cheap, and a little now will go farther than it used to do.'

'This is kind of you,' said Mr Wilson, 'for I suppose your neighbor will never be able to pay you again.'

'I do not expect it,' replied the blacksmith, 'but if I was in his situation, and he in mine, I am sure he would do as much for me.'

Mr Wilson thought he had better not hinder this good man any longer, so he wished him good night and proceeded home.

The next morning he called again on the blacksmith, and, wishing to reward his kindness, he offered to lend him £10 without any interest, that he might be able to buy his iron at the cheapest rate, and undertake more work, and thus increase his profits. His surprise was great when the blacksmith said,

'Sir, I thank you, but I will not take your money; I would rather not have it, because I have not earned it. I can pay for all the iron that I want at present, and, if I should want more the person I buy of would trust me.'

'But if you took this money to some one else,' said Mr Wilson, 'you would perhaps be able to buy cheaper.'

'Why, as for that, sir,' replied the smith, 'I can't say I think it would be right on my part; I know he is a fair dealing man, and when I first took this forge and had nothing I could call my own, except the clothes on my back he trusted me; surely I ought not to go and deal elsewhere now. Keep your money, sir; I thank you for the offer: or, stop, perhaps you would lend it to the poor man who was burnt out; it would go far to help him in rebuilding his little cottage. And this would be helping me, too, you know; for then I need not work quite so hard for him.'

'Mr Wilson complied with the blacksmith's request. The loan of the money was very useful to the poor cottager; and Mr Wilson had the pleasure of making two persons happy instead of one, as he had at first intended.

My reader, remember the words of Christ: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.'

[From the National Ægis.]

COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Joseph B. Felt.

[*Continued.*]

HOOPS.

These were common in Europe before the planting of British colonies in America. They anciently went under the name of Farthingale. One of their re-appearances both in Old and New England, was about 1752. The subsequent anecdote applied to the wearers of them here as well as there. Milner in his life of Rev. Dr Watts relates it, as told by Dr Winter. The last gentlemen stated, that, when a boy, he was introduced to lady Abney, who was dressed according to the costume prevalent in the reign of George I, with a formidable hoop and all the appurtenances, which gave to her the look of considerable antiquity. With such a mien the lad was much disconcerted. The lady, perceiving this, tried to converse with him so that he might recover from his perturbation. Among the questions she asked him, was, 'how old do you think I am?' The awe struck youngster, eyeing the venerable figure before him, replied, 'Madam—900 years.' While hoops had full swing, they were made to bear the charge of being the occasion of particular calamities, when they came on the public. Addison stated in reference to them: 'Some will have it, that it portends the downfall of the French king; and observe, that the *Farthingale* appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy.' A similar notion was generally entertained in our country at the time of the great earthquake in 1755. For several months after this alarming event, few or no hoops were seen in public, and especially in the house of worship. But when it was seen that no immediate overthrow of the country followed, hoops re-appeared, in their expanded circumference. They were worn generally till a half century past. We are informed that they were exceedingly inconvenient for entrance into pew doors. In fact, they could have no ingress at such narrow apertures, unless advantage was taken of their eliptical form, and the more contracted part was, by sleight of hand, made to have access. When our ears heard of cable trimmings and such like notions, which began to prevail about 15 years since, and our eyes saw the great extension produced by them, we must confess, that we could not subdue the suspicion that the hoop age was soon to be revived. But the lustrum, just elapsed, has beheld such omens continually diminished, without being succeeded by their antitypes. In remarking on the vogue of former days, Swift thus expressed himself:

'A coming in you saw her stoop,
The entry brushed against her *hoop*.'

Having so far attended to articles of clothing and their appurtenances, we now come to what has been the occasion of no small attention and commotion in the world. These are the *beard, wigs* and *hair*.

BEARDS.

The nations of Europe, Asia and Africa, have had their customs, laws, mutations and contentions concerning the beard. Even to this day, the Tartars, Persians and Turks, would consider themselves as exceedingly injured to have it shorn from their faces. Hence, when foreigners, who are without such an appendage, visit their countries, they are accounted as of no great respectability. So it was with the Jews. The Scriptures teach us, that Hanun had the servants of David seized and half of their beards taken off. Thus treated, these servants were ashamed to go home and they were ordered to tarry at Jericho for a season. Among the Russians, it is well known, that the beard was long held in high estimation. An ancient law of their empire required, that whoever plucked a single hair from it, should be fined four times more than if he had cut off a finger. When the czar Peter commanded his subjects to take off their beards, he was obliged to designate officers to execute the order, because the people refused to do it themselves. When he laid a tax on the wearing of beards, thousands consented to pay it, rather than appear without them. The ancient sovereigns of France, as a most sacred pledge of their sincerity and friendship, would lay three hairs of their beards on the seals of their letters and public contracts. When William, the conqueror, had gained possession of England, he commanded the inhabitants to cut off their beards. Sooner than submit to this injunction, many forsook their property, homes and country. From the 14th to the 16th century, long beards were fashionable in England. They were, in reality, what we have often imagined on the aged hermit. The Rev. John Moore, in the reign of Elizabeth, observed, that a reason why he wore the largest beard of any in his time, was, 'That no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance.' Among the original settlers of our country, a few wore the beard in full, and the rest had it on their upper lip and on the fore part of the chin. The wearing of a tuft on the chin, in this manner, was like the ancient custom of the Egyptians. Hence it was, that Moses forbid the Israelites, so that they might not be assimilated to their idolatrous oppressors in any practice, to mar the corners of their beards. But however our forefathers copied many of the Jewish laws and had them placed on their statute book, yet they did not wholly follow the Jews in every particular respecting the beard. By degrees, this appendage of the face was lessened in New England, so that in 1685 it was not commonly worn, though some were found adhering to it as there always are to a departing custom. For the last 20 years, while the beard has continued to be shaven, its lack has been abundantly contrasted among no small number of the younger men, with mustaches, formidable as those of the Spaniards.

WIGS.

As long ago as the first century, the wearing of false hair by the Romans was satirized by Juvenal and Martial. Such an appendage, however, can hardly be reckoned as the origin of perukes. It was hair painted and glued together. It could not have greatly varied in appearance, from the dressed locks of the Indian warriors of the 'far west,' who the last year visited some of our Atlantic states. Wigs began to make their debut in Paris about 1629, and thence slowly spread through the rest of Europe. We are assured that a barber invented them to conceal a deformity in the shoulders of the dauphine. Such an article of dress met with no small opposition. Thiers, professor of belles lettres in the metropolis of France, published an elaborate work in 1690, against their being used by the clergy. He declared that a priest's head with a wig on it was a monster in the church. In the reign of Charles II, from 1660 to 1685, the black wig was increasingly fashionable in both Old and New England. The *Rev.* John Wilson of Boston, who died 1667, appears with one in his picture, full and pendent over his shoulders. A like adjunct for the head was worn by governor Josiah Winslow, who was an assistant of Plymouth in 1657, and chief magistrate in 1673. Another of the same sort was seen on the Rev. Increase Mather, who graduaed at Harvard college 1685, and died 1723. From 1685, wigs of a white color began to show themselves on the pates of gay juniors as well as grave seniors. Thus what was originally intended to conceal baldness, and to resemble in hue the locks of the aged, incongruously became the covering of boys and youth as well as those of threescore and ten. Jeremy Dummer, who graduated 1699, went subsequently as agent for Massachusetts to the court of St. James, and died 1739, wore a large powdered wig. So it was with governor Belcher, his classmate.

A distinguished crusader against this custom, was our own Elliot, the estimable apostle to the Indians. He talked, prayed and preached for its suppression. He imagined it to be an abundant source of the calamities which had befallen our land. Perceiving his labors, in this respect, of no avail, he gave up the contest, saying that the fashion was incorrigible. Nor was he alone in this warfare. The civil authorities of Massachusetts, in 1675, denounced the custom of men's wearing 'their own or others' hair made into periwigs!' But all was in vain. The people were determined to have their wigs, let what would come The higher the rank of their wearers, the larger were these frizzled monsters. When it was all the rage to wear them of a white color, a certain wag called them the silver fleece As the natural human hair, of such a hue, was not a thousandth part enough for the manufacture of them, there was not only a press for what the horse and goat had to spare, but the locks of young people were shorn, washed in lixivious water, and then spread on the grass to bleach like linen. Strange would be the sight to our eyes, which formerly excited commendations rather than surprise, and which presented the lad, as well as his seniors, wending his way sportively through the street with a wig, set off by a three cornered hat, a coat, and small clothes. Surely, this was not far from the little boy's playing grand papa.

It appears from notices printed in the Boston New Letter of 1714, that some sailors were in the habit of wearing wigs. Such articles in a gale of wind and while reefing sails, must have been quite *mal* appropos for the occasion. An advertisement of 1731, showing that the eighth article of the decalogue laid no greater *taboo* on these items of attire than on others, according to the ethics of light fingered gentry, describes four wigs, stolen from a barber's in Boston, as follows: 'A horse hair bob wig, and another with brown hair, each with a gray ribbon: an Indian hair bob wig with a light ribbon: and a goat's hair natural wig with a red and white ribbon.' A similar notice is taken from the Gazette of 1753:—'Tye, bag, and full bottomed wigs, brigadiers and spencers, cues, albermarles, scratches, cut and curled wigs. Also black bags and rambilees for wigs.' The full bottom sort of these articles had begun to disappear before 1779, particularly among young men. They seem to have retained their hold longer here than more southwardly. While congress sat in New York under Washington, Mr Willard, president of Harvard college, visited there with one of these head appendages. As he walked about, this article attracted great attention and drew so large a crowd after him, that serious fears were entertained lest he should be mobbed, and his wig fare not so well as even that of John Gilpin in his involuntary race. Still the president escaped unharmed and returned to his alma mater where such a sight was not so rare nor so rudely treated.

Aged gentlemen retained the full bottom wig: but as they paid the debt of mortality, the fashion ceased. Twenty years ago, the last of such patriarchs would be occasionally observed, and gazed after by the youthful portion of the community, whose chief acquaintance with the custom was derived from the quips of the satirist. Thus fell one of the most incongruous modes—as to those persons with enough of their own natural hair—which ever ingratiated itself with the fashionable world. It is hard for us to invent a philosophic reason for the passion of a certain gentleman in England, which ran so high, that he must needs have wigs depicted with new paint on the old heads of several rare productions of the first Vandyck. There is indeed much truth in the remark,—'there is no accounting for taste.' We all must have it as an item of our confessions, though we discard the benefit of the clergy, that with too many of both sexes, the exterior of the head has received a greater share of time, pains, and expense, than the more improveable and valuable interior.

Note.—It is stated in the newspapers that among the Egyptian curiosities, discovered in Beni Hassen and Thebes, lately exhibited in London, was a real wig of brown hair, supposed to be at least 3000 years old. The frescoes of Thebes represent royal personages with wigs precisely like those of our own judicial dignitaries, curling down over the shoulder in front. It further appears from those memorials, that wigs of various shapes were almost universally worn by the ancient Egyptians, male and female.—*Boston Atlas, July* 9, 1838.

SLAVES EMANCIPATED IN THE WEST INDIES.

We copy the following table and estimate from the Pennsylvania Freeman:

First of August, 1838.

Jamaica,	328,000
Montserrat,	6,200
Dominica,	15,400
Nevis,	1,600
Barbadoes,	82,000
St. Vincent,	23,500
Tortola,	5,400
St. Christophers,	19,200
Total,	481,300

Probably it would be safe to add Demerara to this list. The number of slaves in that Colony is 70,000.

The number of blacks in the above islands, in proportion to the whites, is as follows:

Barbadoes,	6 blacks	to one	white.	
Demerara,	25	"	1	"
Montserrat,	21	"	1	"
St. Vincent,	20	"	1	"
Tortola,	13	"	1	"
Nevis,	12	"	1	"
Dominica,	22	"	1	"
St. Christopher,	13	"	1	"
Jamaica,	10	"	1	"

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